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DESOLATION. DRAWN BY PAUL DIXON.

A FISH-SUPPER AT SANTA LUCIA.

OUR party of seven, four ladies and three gentlemen, including a young German and his bride, a fat Neapolitan priest, an enthusiastic Sicilian, a Roman lady of advanced ideas, a somewhat prim English spinster, and, lastly, myself, an American girl, most of us new-comers to Naples, had sauntered slowly through the groves of orange-trees down the Villa Reale, and across the Chiaja to Santa Lucia, just as the great bell of Sant' Elmo tolled the hour of ten. The moon was at its full, and the air cool and refreshing; while the sound of merry voices, laughter, and music, the tinkling bells of the donkeys loaded with fresh fruits and vegetables, the clattering of pots and pans, mingled with the hissing of the boiling oil, in which the pretty, dark-eyed girl cooked her *fritta* of liver, calves' brains, and *broccoli*, made a not inharmonious *pot-pourri* to ears in search of the picturesque in sound.

We passed down the massive stone steps, between a double row of lounging, chatting, smoking, flirting *lazzaroni*, to the shore. The savory odor of chowder greeted us, but we were not hungry, for we had not quite digested our dinner; a row, however, for two hours on the placid bay, where Vesuvius throws his sombre shadow, would bring us back with keen appetites.

The boat was pushed down the shining sands by two stalwart sailors, and slid gracefully into the rippling waters that lapped the shore with dreamy rhythm.

We all sprang lightly in, except our obese *padre*, who, rolling in, rolled the boat to such a dangerous angle as to call forth a little scream of terror from our timid friend the spinster. The boatman seized the oar, and, with a graceful and dexterous sweep of one powerful arm, we glided out into the mystic wake of the moon on the gentle waters. Behind us the dark line of shore rose precipitous to the castellated summit of Sant' Elmo. The fires in the caves under the Chiaja gleamed like the angry eyes of couchant monsters, while the dark forms of the cooks hovering around their pots, seemed to our fancy to be witches invoking spells from boiling caldrons, and the confused murmur of sounds, strengthened now and then by the discordant and dismal bray of a donkey, added no little to the weird and spectral character of the scene.

"Pilgrims, leaving an enchanted shore," suggested our spinster with languid enthusiasm.

"Sentimental fools, leaving a good supper to be spoiled," grumbled the old priest.

"*Bête!*" muttered Madame Paridisi, the Roman radical, who hated priests, "he thinks only of his stomach; if he is patient, he shall be well stuffed when we return; but, if he complains, he shall have nothing."

"Don't speak of eating," cried the German, throwing himself at full length on the bottom of the boat and laying his head in his wife's lap, "this is the perfection of happiness. To float forever here is sweeter than even the food of lotos-eaters."

"*Felice!*" said the Sicilian, with a glance

of envy at the speaker, "we will have some music;" and, seizing with impetuosity a mandolin he had brought, he sang in a clear and sonorous voice a song of Santa Lucia:

"Comme se friccoia la luna chiens!
Lo mare ride, l'aria è serena;
Veni che facite mi miez'a la via?
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!"

The passion and fervor of the music, combined with the quaintness of the dialect, enchanted us, and we demanded the song again and again. A number of boats surrounding ours were filled with merry singers, who took up the refrain and flung it back with the clearest intonation and the wildest abandon.

Presently the bow of the boat grated on the sand, and Padre Giacomo rolled out with greater alacrity than he rolled in, as he snuffed the odor of many fish cooking in many ways.

Below the quay of Santa Lucia, for more than a hundred feet, the beach is paved with flat stones, and protected from above by pretty striped awnings; under these are rows of tables, covered with the whitest of linen, and ornamented with china, silver, flowers, and fruit; hanging lamps shed a soft radiance over all, and bronzed troubadours, with every variety of instruments, sing with divers voices romances in every dialect of Italy. At midnight it seems as if all Naples had gathered there. Beautiful ladies of rank in evening toilet, covered only by a veil of lace gracefully thrown over the head, glide down the shadowy stone steps, followed by gay young nobles, who scent adventure; lovely girls guarded by jealous parents, young students who have broken away from the restraint of college, tradesmen and their families, vendors of all sorts of wares, beggars of all ages and of all nations, sailors and peasants, priests and soldiers, all form a motley crowd of good-natured pleasure-seekers such as it would be difficult to find in any other part of the world. Near the shore is a row of high tables, with their tops inclined, and divided into square compartments like a printer's case, and these compartments are filled with every variety of the finny tribe found in the Mediterranean. There is a long, pink shell-fish, which, when opened, looks like an angle-worm, and has the same tenacity of life. The Italians take it alive, drown it in oil, and then swallow it whole. Beautifully-striped muscles peep from beds of damp sea-moss, and pale-green crabs sprawl among cresses; while the tunny-fish, the red turbot, and the gray sole, interspersed with sea-weed, shells, and flowers, are arranged with an artistic skill really remarkable.

The merchants, with gay bouquets in their hats, smiled and bowed politely as we passed, each recommending his peculiar commodity with earnest but quiet eloquence, and with a suavity that did not diminish when we refused to buy.

Padre Giacomo, as we passed along, glanced obliquely at all the tables, until he found one that suited him in regard to size and contents, when he dropped heavily into the first chair, and tucked his napkin under his chin. We all took seats with him, and in a few moments a savory dish of chowder was placed before us by a waiter in full dress.

It was midnight; and our dinner was now digested, and the two hours' row on the bay had sharpened our appetites, as we had anticipated. I have eaten in gilded halls, from Sèvres china, suppers of the most artistic composition, but I have never tasted any thing so thoroughly palatable as that chowder, compounded of every thing that swims in the waters beneath, and, I might almost add, that flies in the heavens above, for I discovered several feathers and birds' bones; nevertheless, it was perfect. The white wine of Capri and the red wine of Ischia flowed freely, and our harmless wit increased until we believed we had drunk of the old Falernian that Horace once sang. Our priest awoke and became communicative. He was a learned man, and needed only wine to loosen his tongue; so he discoursed eloquently of liberty, pronounced the celibacy of the priesthood a wrong to humanity and a curse to the Church, and the infallibility of the Holy Father a dangerous dogma that would result in the overthrow of his temporal power. The events of the past year show that he was clairvoyant in more than one respect. He talked rapidly, and now a little incoherently, saying, every time he filled his glass:

"*Sì, sì*, the liberty of one's self is the most sacred of all."

Madame Paridisi had great wrongs to avenge. She had lost her husband and two brothers during a fruitless insurrection in Calabria. She believed in Garibaldi, and said bitter things of the "cursed alliance," as she styled the papal party, muttering now and then dark threats against the "papalini," who excluded her from her palace on one of the seven hills of Rome. She was still young and lovely, but her hair was as white as snow.

"It turned white," she said, pathetically, "while I was a prisoner in Sant' Angelo. I was detected in giving some information against the government. It was but a little thing, yet they threw me into a cell not clean enough for a dog. While there, the news came of the death of my husband, and of my brothers. Confined in darkness, I never saw myself for months. When at last I looked upon my face, I cried out with anguish; for my hair had turned white in that frightful darkness. Then I took an oath that, for every black hair I had lost, the Papal Government should lose a supporter. In ten years I have almost redeemed my vow; for I have influenced thousands to embrace our beloved cause; and even now the throne of the tyrant is trembling to its fall!" She spoke with an enthusiasm and passion that transformed her into a priestess, foretelling the certain doom of the "alliance."

The Sicilian, who had fought with Garibaldi, exploded with rage while we discussed the future of the south under the imperial government.

The Swabian now and then cut into the conversation with the keen blade of German philosophy, striking from the shadow of profound thought sparks of wondrous brilliancy.

The spirited discussion never flagged, though a haggard woman thrust her dirty hand into our very faces in her eager demand

for charity, while she said, in a whining voice:

"For the love of God give me something for my starving infant!"

The starving infant, who was, in fact, four years old or more, with a fat, healthy face, smiled impudently at us from the shelter of her mother's rags.

An old, blind fiddler came near, and sang to a squeaking accompaniment a romance in the Neapolitan dialect, the burden of which was the beauty of Naples, and the delights of youth and love. Unconsciously he furnished a melancholy evidence of the brevity and uncertainty of the joys he sang. In his young manhood, his pure Greek face might have been a model for an Apollo, but now he would have supplied a painter a fine subject for Belisarius begging. Behind him came a gay, rollicking fellow with a mandolin in his hand, and a cloak slung across his shoulder. There was a mischievous twinkle in his eye as he addressed his love-ditty to our elderly spinster, and his voice broke with laughter when he sang the chorus, in which he expressed a wish that she might marry young and have twenty lovely children. We were spared the blushes of our friend, who, not understanding Italian, innocently remarked that she thought it a very nice song.

Our explosion of merriment was interrupted by Padre Giacomo, who called our attention to a lady standing near us. She was a tall, gaunt woman, with a tragic air, haggard face, and large, melancholy eyes. Although the weather was warm, she was dressed in what seemed to be a velvet stage-robe, and a faded cashmere shawl was wrapped around her head and shoulders. She looked the wreck of past magnificence—a dethroned queen, still in her regal robes. As her eyes wandered over the gay crowd, a bitter expression settled on her face, and her lips curved with scorn as she addressed a few words to a quaint old woman at her side. She then sunk, with weary indifference, into a chair, which her companion dragged from the reluctant hand of a beggar who was about to seat himself; and, folding her arms with a proud gesture, she glanced scornfully around her for a moment, and then withdrew her gaze from the indifferent throng, to fix it steadily on the moonlit sea. There was a lifetime of regret, disappointment, and hopelessness, in the poor face—such a depth of sorrow that, while I was looking at her, my eyes filled with tears.

"Can you believe," said Padre Giacomo, "that ten years ago this woman had all Italy at her feet? You have heard of —?" mentioning the name of a *prima donna* who, not many years ago, created a great *furore* throughout Europe. Yes, we had heard of her—for who had not? But could it be possible that this pale, neglected woman was the singer who had turned the heads of kings?

"I heard her sing, one night, in the San Carlo," said the priest; "it must have been some twenty years ago. The house was crowded from pit to ceiling; and the king in person led her before the scene, and presented her with a crown of jewels. Afterward, the horses were taken from her carriage, and she was drawn home in triumph by twelve young nobles of the best blood of Naples. When

she went out, flowers were strewed before her, and crowds followed her. The mightiest monarch never received greater adulation than this woman; and to-night she is here alone, unknown, and neglected. Poor thing! she lost her voice entirely, and then the world forgot that she had ever lived. The public is like a fickle lover, who does not remember his idol after she has ceased to contribute to his pleasure."

Suddenly, we all started, and the remarks of the priest abruptly ended; for there came down the steps a woman so lovely that every eye turned upon her. She was dressed in white silk, with costly jewels; and a white-lace shawl was thrown over her head, softening the lustre of her reddish-blond hair. As she advanced gracefully, with smiling lips, and with the flush of youth and joy on her cheek, she leaned upon the arm of a young man, whose remarkable beauty and adoring glances elicited comments from all, while she talked to an elderly officer at her other side.

"The young man is her lover, the other her husband," they whispered, as she passed along and took a seat near us.

"Is she not beautiful? She is of Milan," whispered our waiter, confidentially.

"Look!" said I, a few moments after, touching the arm of the Sicilian. "Here is a romance that will end in a tragedy, or I much mistake."

A few paces from us stood a gentleman of elegant appearance, in the uniform of a Piedmontese colonel. His arms were folded, his head bowed, and his lips compressed with terrible hate, while he glanced with the expression of a demon from under his contracted brows; and his eyes were fixed on the lovely woman, who, unaware of his withering gaze, was sipping her wine, and laughing with her companions. When she arose and departed, he too disappeared; and we saw him no more.

A few days after, I witnessed the end of the tragedy of which this scene formed an act. I was returning from Naples to Rome, and at Isoletta, the last station on the Italian frontier, I saw this woman, whose marvellous beauty had so impressed me. She was coming from the dingy little station toward the train, leaning on the arm of the officer who had walked by her side at Santa Lucia. Her sweet face was pale and troubled, and her eyes red with weeping. It was evidently with the greatest reluctance that she parted from her companion and entered a *coupé* alone. A half-hour afterward, when the train was rushing along over the level road between Isoletta and Certona, I was still thinking of this woman, and wondering what could be the cause of her travelling alone, and why she was so pale and sorrowful. Her sad, sweet face haunted me; and to drive her from my mind I looked resolutely out of the window to fix my attention on a group of peasants clipping their vines in a field near by, when suddenly a man with wild eyes and dishevelled hair sprung from the track, and rushed away in the direction of the fields. I caught but a glimpse of him, but in that glimpse I recognized the figure and face of the Piedmontese officer whom I had seen at Santa Lucia, watching his lovely victim. At Ceprano—the next

station, and the first on the Papal frontier—I heard a cry of horror from the guard who opened the door of the *coupé*, and a moment after two men bore the lovely stranger from the carriage to the station. Her fair, ungloved hands, covered with jewels, hung limp and lifeless; her eyes were wide open and staring; and on her face was such an expression of fear and agony as I wish never again to behold. Her delicate gray-silk travelling-dress was torn and covered with blood that streamed from a ghastly wound in her white forehead. When they found her, she was lying lifeless on the floor of the *coupé*. A pistol was near her, and also a man's wristband, which seemed to have been torn off in the struggle between life and death. The assassin had hidden under the seat of the carriage, and, while the train was in motion, had committed the dreadful deed. It was his flying figure that I had seen, as he leaped from the window and rushed away toward the fields.

Afterward, I learned something of the history of this unfortunate woman. She was a lady of Milan, of noble and rich family. When very young, her parents betrothed her to a Piedmontese officer of rank, whom she had never loved. The marriage was fixed for her twentieth birthday. The night previous, she eloped with a young count, of Turin, whom she had long loved. They were married privately, and then went to Naples to her uncle, who was an officer in the Italian army. Scarcely had they arrived at Naples, when the half-frenzied lover discovered her marriage, and followed her there. The night after I had seen them at Santa Lucia, they met face to face in a lobby of the San Carlo. The wretched man drew a pistol, and fired; but, instead of killing the lady, he lodged the ball in the shoulder of her husband, who threw himself between her and death. The assassin escaped from the hands of justice, and fled. That night the lady rode with her uncle from Naples to Isoletta, leaving her wounded husband in the care of a surgeon; there she took the train for Rome, hoping in that way to evade her pursuer. It can never be known how he discovered her flight, but the fearful catastrophe in the railway-carriage shows that he must have been aware of her every movement.

The night following the murder, a man with a torn and bloody uniform, bare head, and tangled hair, entered a small inn at Frisoni, some miles from the scene of the tragedy, and asked for a room. The news of the startling event had reached the place before him, and the innkeeper, suspecting who he was, locked him in his room, while he went in search of the police. When he returned with the gendarme, the room was empty, and a bruised and lifeless body lay on the pavement below. The young husband died a few days after from the effects of his wound. He was unconscious, and never knew of the horrible fate of his wife. Poor young things, once so beautiful and so happy! I can never think, but in tears, of her sweet face as I saw her at Santa Lucia, and of the awful change in the station at Ceprano. But they are now at rest together; they are sleeping in one grave in the Campo Santo at Milan.

But enough of tragedy. Let us finish our fish-supper.

The bell of Sant' Elmo struck the hour of two. Padre Giacomo had drunk all the wine, and was nodding over the empty bottles. The flow of life and song had in no way abated as we turned from Santa Lucia. There is no night in Naples, only the night of the soul, yet darkness settled suddenly upon us when we remembered that in the morning we must part, most of us to meet no more in this life's sweet intercourse, we who had spent enchanted hours together. And it was even now morning, and our hearts were very sorrowful as we slowly wended our way homeward.

WHAT MADE HIM SHINE?

WE met him on the Waverley road, two miles out of town, trudging along with bent form, eagerly poking about in the dust with a long, crooked stick. Well, that was nothing unusual; we had often seen him before with the same heavy stoop in his shoulders, and carrying the same knotted staff, which was too long for a cane and too slender for a support. He seldom looked up, but, when he did, his eyes, set far back in his head, were small and sharp and gray and searching, and they fell again almost instantly to the ground. We had seen him in town, wandering up and down the streets, peering into every crack and cranny of the stone pavement; we had crossed him in the lobby of the opera, ever stirring about, but wrapped wholly within either himself or the pattern of the carpet; we had noticed him in the courtroom, moving restlessly around, always scanning the floor with the same intent expression; we had passed him on the turnpike, still with his keen, sleepless eyes bent rigidly upon the ground—we had met him in all these places, his anxious yellow face taking no heed of us; but that day we met him on the Waverley road, two miles out of town.

We had been on a ride—partly of pleasure, partly of business—and were driving back to town. It was a beautiful morning in June, the brilliance of the sun unflecked by a single cloud in the deep-blue sky. There was no moisture in the air, nor on the waving leaves; and in the dry and pleasant fields the grasshoppers were holding a jubilee. We put the top of the buggy up to shield us from the heat, and allowed the horse to choose his own pace, which had slackened to a walk, while we leaned comfortably back in our seats, enjoying the situation. My friend watched the old man a good while, and said:

"What a singular creature! I have often wondered who he can be, for I believe he haunts every nook and corner of the town and country. How terribly stooped he is! But he does not appear to be feeble, because I never saw him quiet; and, though he takes no notice of any thing about him, he has a strange, eager manner, as if he might be upon some business of pressing importance."

I replied that I had often noticed it, and could never understand either why he carried that crooked stick, for certainly it was of no possible use. As we had passed him, I turned round, when George said, suddenly:

"Why, Joe, see there! What's the matter with his clothes? They shine as if they were covered with spangles! Just look at them! And what on earth is he doing?"

Here the old man, who had bent for an instant on one knee, jumped up, and shrieked out:

"Twenty-three thousand five hundred and ninety-seven!"

George and I, scarcely crediting our ears, looked at each other in blank amazement. We looked at each other, and looked at him. What could it mean? We drew in the reins, and called, without receiving any reply. We called again, and louder; but the old man, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, persisted in utter silence, and sent up such a thick cloud of dust by the rapid movement of his stick that we could hardly see him. When it cleared, he had nearly reached the toll-gate, and we were obliged to content ourselves simply with astounded ejaculations.

That night, about twelve o'clock, the two of us were returning on foot from the theatre, when whom should we meet but the strange old man who had so aroused our curiosity in the morning?

He turned quickly around the corner, and came upon us so suddenly that he brushed against my left side in passing. The night was dark, and he was out of sight in a moment. But what was the singular noise we heard for an instant, like the rasping wings of an insect? And, when I held up my left arm, that coat-sleeve was torn in small three-cornered snags. I looked at George in mute inquiry, and we both gazed behind us into the darkness; but there came no answer from any place.

It must have been more than a week after this that, one bright afternoon, I was taking a stroll by myself in the upper part of the town, when I met the old man again. This time he came upon me so unexpectedly that I did not see him until he was just opposite, when he suddenly bent on one knee, stooped to the ground an instant, then jumped up, and shouted, in a metallic voice:

"Twenty-four thousand two hundred and seventy-eight!"

I turned round to look at him, but at the first glance I covered my eyes with my hands, almost blinded, for he flashed like quicksilver in the sun; and, before I recovered, he turned down some alley or street, and had disappeared, and I found myself more completely bewildered than ever before. I related the incident to George, but he could come no nearer solving the mystery—for mystery it certainly had now become. Neither of us could even suggest a possible explanation. It undoubtedly had not been an optical illusion, for, when we met him in the country, George had witnessed the same luminous phenomenon, though perhaps not quite so vividly.

But I had made another discovery in the glance that I caught of him this time, for, quick as it was, I noticed a peculiarity about him that I had never seen before. His fingernails were almost an inch in length, and trimmed to a point, sharp as black talons. I did not tell George of this—why, I cannot say, unless because the remembrance of their claw-like look invariably made me shiver, and,

hardly knowing what to think of the old man, I did not mention it; then, besides, it was really but a trivial circumstance.

The following day business at the bank proved remarkably heavy, at least my particular share. It seemed to have taken a sudden freak of remorse for the easy time it had been allowing me, and immediately concluded to make full atonement. I worked steadily through all the morning and half the afternoon, allowing myself only a few moments for dinner. About three o'clock, tired and cramped in position, I leaned back in my chair to take a good stretch, and had just closed my mouth after a most refreshing yawn, that came near imperilling the desk, when I heard the teller say to some one:

"He thinks when he gets twenty-five thousand that something grand will happen to him, and he'll be among the highest in the land. He works hard enough for it, poor soul! and is as honest about it as if the whole world was looking on. Of course, the very fact of his trying to get twenty-five thousand shows that he is badly cracked, utterly crazy. It is a queer idea of his, but nobody can reason with him about the matter."

I had not heard who he was talking about, nor did I inquire, but I thought to myself as I trimmed my pen: "Well, twenty-five thousand is not much; you have ten times that amount, and did not come by it very easily either, but nobody thinks you are 'cracked' or 'utterly crazy,' and it is hardly 'queer' that a person should want money in this age of the world, and, if he is honest, it is more than can be said of—"

My quill had a most beautiful point! Indeed, I quite prided myself on the art of pen-making, and, highly pleased with the satisfactory result of this delicate operation, I fell to work again with renewed energy, forgetting all about twenty-five thousand, or fifty thousand, or any other particular thousand in the high pile of notes that still remained waiting to be entered. I plodded bravely ahead, but my good-humor was not destined to be of long duration, as, before they were greatly diminished, I discovered another job, for which certainly I had made no calculations.

It was a mistake, resulting entirely through the carelessness of the indorser. I immediately saw a seven-mile trip into the country for some of the bank-clerks, and I suspected it would more than likely fall to my lot. I could not help mentally anathematizing all people in general, and this man in particular, for being so loose about business affairs, and apparently caring little how much trouble and inconvenience they gave to others. After appealing to the president for his decision, it turned out just as I had anticipated: first, that some one must go out and see the man personally; and, second, that I must be that unlucky "some one." The job had just a single redeeming feature, which was, that a day or two or even three made no especial difference, otherwise it really would have been beyond my Christian forbearance, as it was already late, and I was tired, and the afternoon hot and disagreeable.

I waited until Thursday, vainly hoping that

the heat might moderate, or that it might rain, but the morning dawned without any change in the temperature. Finding it impossible to delay the matter still longer, I went over to the livery-stable, ordered the buggy, and, as I had previously gained George's consent to accompany me—for there is no society I would quicker avoid than my own—I drove to his lodgings and picked him up without wasting much time.

After all, I did not know but it was better than being cooped up in the bank, which, if it was not as bright, was considerably hotter, for the wind felt very pleasant blowing softly against our faces, and the farms lying along the road, spreading far out as the eye could reach, were much more entertaining than the musty pages of a ledger. The cherries hung dead-ripe upon the trees; the blackbirds chattered about them to each other with red-stained bills, and the cats, stretched lazily in the sunshine, watched the winged robbers with no charitable feelings. The leaves, if they were thirsty, complained but gently, and in the fields the grasshoppers without flagging still held their jubilee, and from the level pastures farther off came the sound of distant bells, and sometimes close by the roadside the farmers whetted their scythes.

Yes, it was certainly not so disagreeable as I had imagined, and, while we rolled pleasantly along, I experienced quite a revolution of feeling toward the author of this forced journey. When we arrived at our destination, and were ushered into his presence, the business was speedily accomplished, and, after I had satisfied what remained of my irritable feelings, by showing, in a gentlemanly manner, the heinousness of the mistake, and fully impressed the awful consequences that *might* have resulted from it on his mind, we stepped into the buggy and turned our faces homeward. George proposed returning by our favorite route, and, as it would besides save us almost a mile, we crossed over to the Waverley road.

We were hardly more than half-way back, when, for the first time, we suffered from the heat. The singing of the insects ceased. Every breath of wind had expired, and nothing stirred in the dead calm that bound up the land like a mighty spell. The very atmosphere grew stagnant, and its sulphurous folds hung over us with a heavy oppression. The sky was like burnished brass, the ground like heated stone. I had hardly turned to look at the west, when the wind broke loose with a sudden rush, and the birds, screaming in their fright, whirled in confused circles. There was no time to be lost, and I knew from experience that I could not manage the horse in a storm. We drove rapidly for a shed which stood fortunately but a short distance beyond.

Already the black cloud that I had seen, an inky point above the horizon, had reared itself into a gigantic mountain and shot its jagged pinnacles over the zenith, and a few swollen drops of rain splashed in our faces as we gained the shelter. Just at that moment the strange old man, with the bow heavier in his back, and his sharp gray eyes eagerly searching every rut and gully, came up the road, paying no heed to the threatening tem-

pest. Suddenly he stooped as I had seen him before, picked up something from the ground, then, throwing himself back, flourished his long, knotted stick with a wild, triumphant gesture over his head, and shouted in a loud, metallic voice:

"Twenty-five thousand!"

Instantly a vivid flash broke from the edge of the ragged cloud, and ten thousand sparks of fire lit up the old man, who fell upon the road—killed by lightning.

We ran up to him immediately, and, even before the thunder had rolled away, the mystery was fully explained, for the electricity had been attracted by *innumerable pins*, which were stuck straight through his clothes with their points outward.

FLORENCE McLANDBURGH.

THE CAFÉS OF PARIS.

TURKISH traders introduced the first coffee into France, at Marseilles, in 1654. Opinions concerning the new beverage were at first divided: there were many who shrugged their shoulders and refused to spend their money for what they thought useless, but the majority found the aroma of the Mocha decoction inviting, and its taste pleasant; and so the Constantinople speculators soon found it to their interest to send a second consignment to their French correspondents.

The strange berry soon reached Paris. Soliman-Aga, the ambassador of the sultan at the court of Louis XIV., from national motives, used his best endeavors to interest the king and the aristocracy in the new delicacy. He was entirely successful. Louis deigned to consider the Mohammedan beverage worthy of his royal favor, and immediately became an habitual coffee-drinker.

Madame de Sévigné, who rarely differed from his majesty, was in this instance of quite a contrary opinion. She believed the king's fondness for the new beverage would not last long, and that, if all Paris followed his example, it would be mainly due to a disposition on the part of the people to follow the lead of the court.

"The popularity of coffee," said she, "will be as ephemeral as that of the tragedies of young Racine, who writes for the court-festivities, and not for future generations."

Both predictions teach that even the most gifted and sagacious have their short-sighted moments. Racine's tragedies, which the incomparable letter-writer believed would be so short-lived, will always be numbered among the greatest ornaments of French literature. And, as for coffee, what a part does it, and has it, for generations played in Parisian life! No dinner is complete without a little cup of *café noir*, and the number of coffee-houses is more than double that of the wine and beer houses combined. From the members of the Jockey Club to the rag-pickers of the Rue Moussetard there is hardly a man in Paris who has not daily his *demi-tasse*, whether he take it out of Sèvres porcelain or out of ware made of the commonest clay.

From the time, however, that Madame de Sévigné made the prediction referred to until the opening of the first regular *café*, many years elapsed. The modern *café* is not more than a hundred years old. In the year 1785 they must have still been a novelty, for in Dulaure's little book on Paris, which was published in that year, we find the following paragraph:

"Nothing for the stranger who visits Paris is more convenient than these comfortably-furnished *salons* where he, without being under obligations to any one, can rest after his long walks, read the latest political and literary news, take part in harmless games, warm himself gratuitously in winter, refresh himself for a few sous in summer, and listen to the interesting conversation of authors, artists, and journalists."

From this passage we see that the Paris *cafés* have long played important parts in politics and literature. Several establishments, some of which are still in existence, merit special notice. The English author who said that the history of the French *cafés* was the history of the French nation was not so far from the truth as one might think at the first glance.

The oldest and perhaps most remarkable of the historic coffee-houses in Paris is on the left side of the Seine, in the now Rue de l'ancienne Comédie. It was started by a Sicilian named Procopio Cultelli, and was consequently known as *Café Procope*.

It was fitted up more elegantly than any similar establishment had been up to that time. It was not long till it became the meeting-place of most of the political, literary, and art magnates of the day. Actors and painters, authors and philosophers, here sipped their *demi-tasses* as they exchanged their ideas, and thus contributed, each in his way, to bring about the great Revolution of 1789. Here stood the pale and frail figure of Jean Jacques Rousseau by the hour, behind the chair of a chess-player, and watched the evolutions of the knights and the *tours de force* of the castles, while his mind was, perhaps, busy with those recollections which he has immortalized in his "Confessions."

In the mean time, right and left, there were eager disputants. Marmontel and Boindin discussed questions of government, reform, and religion; and Diderot, surrounded by a circle of eager listeners, aired his fiery eloquence. He respected no authority, and spared no prejudices; of independent thinkers, he was the most independent.

Occasionally these improvised orations were interrupted by a remark that turned the current of thought in another direction, or provoked a hearty laugh on the part of the little audience. It was Voltaire, the great satirist, who usually chose this manner of making his presence felt. What others could only convey in long discourses, he expressed in a single epigram.

Unfortunately, the *Café Procope* is among the many *cafés* which have lately, from want of sufficient patronage, been compelled to close. A placard on its door lately announced that it was for sale. Of late years, it was nearly deserted by the *littérati*, and received its chief patronage from the Radicals,

Next to the Café Procope, that of the Widow Laurent, in the quaint old Rue Dauphine, deserves mention. Here assembled a similar, if not quite so distinguished, circle as at the neighboring coffee-house of the Sicilian. Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, Marmontel, and others, who were the regular guests of Procopio, made occasional visits at the café of Madame Laurent. Rousseau, especially, was so frequently at the widow's that she almost considered him one of her regular customers; but, much pains as the widow took to please the poet, she was not destined to succeed in securing him as an *habitué*.

Rousseau was exceedingly sensitive. In every little outward circumstance he was inclined to see evidences of an intrigue or conspiracy. At such times he seemed to lose all control over himself.

His "Capricieux," owing in a measure to the incapacity of the actors, was a signal failure. Soon afterward a comedy of little merit, by another author, was produced with decided success. That was too much for the irritable Rousseau. He told the habitués of the Café Laurent to their teeth that, in his opinion, they were, individually and collectively, a set of envious fellows; that their shameless jealousy dictated a cabal which made the success of his piece impossible. With this he brought his fist down on the table with such force as to make the cups clatter, swore he would have nothing more to do with such people, and left the room, never to return to it.

Still more celebrated than the Café Procope are the coffee-houses of the Palais Royal, and especially the Café de la Régence and the Café de Foy. The former has three important epochs in its history.

The first, before the great Revolution, if we consider the talent and literary fame of the visitors, was the most brilliant. D'Alembert (the editor-in-chief of the great "Dictionnaire Encyclopédique"), Diderot, Bernardin de St. Pierre (the gifted author of "Paul and Virginia"), Marmontel, and other celebrities, met here in the afternoon, when the weather made it unpleasant to go so far as the Rue de l'ancienne Comédie. During the Revolution, Robespierre and other notables honored the Café de la Régence with their presence. Robespierre was in the habit of spending the time there over a game of chess, with sometimes one and sometimes another *citoyen*, and, although he was a miserable player, it is said that he never lost a game. No one dared to beat him. From its infancy the Café de la Régence was much frequented by lovers of the "royal game."

The second epoch is characterized by the name of General Bonaparte. The great strategist here routed the Louvet knights and pawns as easily as he had routed the princes and *pebs* of Austria.

The third epoch will be ever memorable for the melancholy brilliancy that characterizes it. Its hero is the gifted Alfred de Musset. Many a long afternoon the poet of despair, of wretchedness, and *nihilismus*, sat here before a chess-board, and concentrated all the force of his genius on the solution of problems, which, in spite of all the means

chanted by enthusiastic chessmen, is at best only an intellectual pastime. Instead of giving voice to the sublime thoughts with which his brain teemed, as he knew so well how to do in his better hours; instead of assuming his place among the leaders of human thought—he would sit, hour after hour, poring over the black-and-white squares of a chess-board with the earnestness of a Pythagoras, debating whether this or that move would be most likely to baffle his adversary. He would often play a dozen games in the course of the day, and smoke a dozen cigarettes during each game, while at his elbow always stood the portentous absinthe-glass, which the *garçon* was called from time to time to refill. His thin, fleshless hand trembled as he raised the glass to his lips; around his eyes there were deep, lead-colored circles; and his cheeks were red with a feverish flush.

The Café de Foy played an exclusively political rôle. The Palais Royal, at the beginning of this century, was the most frequented point in Paris; it was then what the Boulevards are now. Under its arcades the latest events were canvassed. The Café de Foy was, at that time, the centre of the centre of Paris.

The brilliant Camille Desmoulins was often seen here, seated at one of the side-tables, his head resting on his hands, his eyes half closed, absorbed in thought. Suddenly he would spring to his feet, and hasten away to deliver one of those fiery speeches which were received by the excited populace as the Athenians were wont to receive the philippics of Demosthenes.

Under the Bourbon restoration, the Café de Foy lost its original position, which it never succeeded in regaining.

During the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. the most notable coffee-houses in Paris were the Café Lemblin and the Café Valois, both in the Palais Royal. They were specially noted for the bitter enmity that existed between their respective habitués.

In the former assembled the partisans of the exile of St. Helena; in the latter, the defenders of the throne and the altar, the train-bearers of the Bourbons. In both houses little else was discussed than politics, and, if a royalist ventured to visit the Café Lemblin, or an imperialist to visit the Café Valois, in the majority of instances his temerity led to an appointment at sunrise in the Bois de Vesinet.

Under Louis Philippe the Bonapartists emigrated to the Café des Mille Colonnes, which was also in the Palais Royal.

The houses having the greatest literary reputation at this time were Café Tabouret, Café Dagneaux, and Café Lepelletier. The two first named, situated on the left side of the Seine, could boast of having among their regular guests a considerable number of noted authors. Here Jules Janin, the inexhaustible *feuilletoniste*, the good-natured critic, and conversationalist *par excellence*, discussed the latest dramatic events with Emile Augier and Charles Reynaud. They met twice a week at each house.

Café Lepelletier counted a still greater number of distinguished names. The unfortunate Gerard de Nerval, who died of de-

spised love, as Alfred de Musset did of despair and absinthe, often spent his evenings here with his friend Théophile Gautier, then at the zenith of his popularity.

Balzac, Méry, Chenavard, Laurent Jan, Couture, Diaz, Armand Marrast, and many more distinguished poets, journalists, and artists, were among the daily guests of this house. Taxile Delord, the historian of the Second Empire, then comparatively little known, was also a frequent visitor here.

Under Napoleon III., the café of most historic importance was the Café de Madrid, which was frequented by the journalists of the opposition, from the delicate hue of the *Débats* to the blood-red of Grousset, Flourens, and Rochefort.

AN OPEN QUESTION.*

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN PRISON.

INEX tore open the letter and read the following:

"MY DEAREST DAUGHTER: I have just written to you to come to me. It is too late. I am dying. I should have gone on to you. I have scarcely strength enough left to write this. There are many things which I wish to explain. But this explanation cannot now be given by me. My beloved child, I leave you, and forever, but I do not leave you friendless. I have one good and tried friend—the friend of a life; and, though I must leave you, I am able to console myself with the thought that you will be cared for. My dear friend, true and tried, Kevin Magrath, I appoint as your guardian. He will be to you, my daughter, another guardian. He will love the child of his friend as his own child. Trust in him. Love him as your father. He will do for you all that I could have done. He will tell you all about me, and about that past which has been so dark to you. You will have a great grief, but do not give way to it, my child. Trust in Heaven and in my friend Kevin Magrath—father to fatherless—go long journey—never again which—I have—formerly—in vain—mother—just the—last words—not at all—mission—broken—faint—wishes—love—Kevin—Kevin Magrath—forever—father—"

There was no signature. The letter ended with several lines of undecipherable writing, in which a few words were here and there discernible—words without connection and without meaning.

Inex read it all over many times, and was troubled in soul. It was not what she had expected. It was a letter that excited dark fears and anxieties. The circumstantial account which the priest had given her did not at all reassure her. For some time past she

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

had been living in an atmosphere of mystery, and had learned to indulge in a suspicious habit of mind; and so it was that this letter added vague and alarming suspicions to the anxieties which it caused.

All those fears, anxieties, and suspicions, derived their origin from one name mentioned there. It was a name that was mentioned with emphasis—the name of a man that she had learned to regard as an enemy—and yet this man was indicated to her by this letter as her father's true and tried friend, and urged upon her trust and affection. He was to be her guardian. How was it possible for her to read such a letter as this without the darkest suspicions?

For the present, however, these gave way to a yearning desire to see, if possible, all that was left of the man whom she had regarded as her father—her father discovered so strangely, yet lost so suddenly. Was it too late for that? She turned once more to the priest:

"May I not see him?" she asked, in a tremulous voice.

"See him?" repeated the priest.

"Yes," said Inez, "my papa. If I could only see him—one last look—"

"See him!" repeated the priest, in a strange tone—"see him!"

He hesitated and looked away.

"If I only could," said Inez, "if it is not too late."

"Too late?" said the priest, shaking his head. "Alas! it's too late—too late. You've said it. That's what it is. Too late—yes, too late—too late."

"What do you mean?" asked Inez, despairingly. "Can I not have at least the satisfaction of seeing him as he is now?"

The priest looked at her with his usual furtive glance.

"But he's gone!" said he.

"Gone!" repeated Inez, in a bewildered voice.

"Yes, gone," said the priest.

"But how?" said Inez. "What do you mean?"

"Buried!" said the priest, in a solemn voice.

"Buried!"

Inez repeated the word, but was so overwhelmed by the thought that she did not seem to know what it meant. "Buried!" she said again, in a low voice, as if to herself, and, as she said this, she shrank back with a frightened look.

Buried!

"It was three days ago that he died," said the priest. "He was buried this morning. You can never see him again."

At this overwhelming intelligence Inez stared at the priest with an expression in her face that seemed like horror. Then she looked wildly around. Then she once more bowed her head, and this time she burst into a torrent of tears. She had reached the lowest point in that abyss of sorrow which she had been descending, and there she found that the last faint consolation was denied her. The faithful Saunders rushed to her aid. The priest sat motionless watching her. But to Inez the faithful Saunders and the priest were both alike objects of indifference, for all her

thoughts were now turned toward the sharpness of this sudden bereavement and the desolation of her present state.

For a long time Inez remained in that condition, overwhelmed by grief and racked by convulsive sobs that shook her frame. The priest watched her still with that vigilant gaze which he directed toward her whenever her eyes were not turned toward him. Sometimes he looked toward the faithful Saunders, and the eyes of the faithful Saunders met his; and, as the eyes of the good priest and of the faithful Saunders met, there seemed to be some kind of intelligence between them. But, if there was any such intelligence, it satisfied itself just then with a silent glance, and deferred any expression in words until a more convenient opportunity.

The blow which had thus fallen upon Inez was one from which she could not readily recover. Rousing herself at length from her first prostration, her only desire was for seclusion, where she might give herself up more entirely to her gloomy thoughts. The faithful Saunders accompanied her to the place, which was pointed out to them by an old woman whom the priest sent, and who appeared to be a combination of char-woman, chamber-maid, and lady's-maid. The room to which Inez was thus shown had a greater air of comfort than the other, yet still it was furnished in a scanty manner, and the tiled floor, with one or two small rugs here and there, had a cheerless air. Here Inez found her luggage, and the faithful Saunders proceeded to open her trunks and arrange her things. But Inez paid no attention to her. She flung herself upon a couch, and the faithful Saunders, finding that she was not needed, finished her task, and silently withdrew.

Inez ate nothing that day, and slept none on the following night. In truth, her position was one which might have seemed gloomy indeed, even to a more sanguine temper. There was about it a dreadful sense of desolation, from which she could not escape. It seemed to her that she had lost her father, her home, her country, and every friend that she ever had. In her father's last letter she had read that which seemed to her to put a climax upon all her woes. Before that she had been simply friendless and in exile, but now she found herself handed over to the guardianship of one of whom she had learned to think with abhorrence. She could not forget the letter which had struck down Hennigar Wyverne at Villeneuve, and that this letter had been written by Kevin Magrath.

For several days she gave herself up completely to deep despondency; and, so strongly did it prey upon her spirits, that at length she became quite ill. In this condition she remained for several weeks; and the profound dejection into which she had fallen made her completely indifferent about her recovery. During this time the faithful Saunders nursed her. At length her youth and vigorous constitution triumphed over her illness, and the lapse of time familiarized her mind so much to her new position that, in the ordinary course of things, it began to appear less intolerable. Soon she grew stronger, and the buoyancy of her spirits led her to indulge rather in hopes for the best. At

length she was able to go out of her room, and walk up and down the apartments and out into the gallery.

The house was old and gloomy. There was a small court-yard enclosed by its walls. On the side where she lived was an open gallery, from which her *suite* of rooms opened. No one else seemed to be living in the house except the priest and the old woman, with herself and the faithful Saunders. This last personage was as devoted as ever. Of the priest she saw but little, and of the old woman still less. She was thus left very much to herself, nor did the solitude seem unpleasant. On the contrary, it was rather congenial to that pensive melancholy which had set in after the first outburst of grief and despair.

At length, one day, while thinking over her lonely condition, she reflected that there was one friend of hers in Paris who might be glad to know that she was here. This was Dr. Blake, whose place in her regards had not grown less prominent, in spite of the mournful events of the time that had elapsed since she left Villeneuve. It came to her like a very pleasant thought, and the idea occurred that, if she should go out, it might not be impossible to see him somewhere, or be seen by him. Her loneliness made this one friend seem now more valuable than he had seemed before; and she had no sooner thought of this than she at once sought to put it into execution. Accordingly, she dressed herself for a walk, and was about to go out alone, when Saunders respectfully interfered, and implored her not to do so. To the wondering inquiry of Inez, "Why not?" the faithful Saunders pleaded her weakness, and the dangers of the Paris streets. Finally, Inez consented to take a drive instead of a walk.

The carriage which took her out was not the most cheerful kind of a one. It was the same close cab which had brought her from the railway-station. The faithful Saunders went with her, though Inez at first seemed rather inclined to go alone. But this seemed so to wound the affectionate heart of the faithful one that Inez good-naturedly consented to let her go.

The drive did not result in any thing. On the whole, Inez felt very much disappointed in Paris. She had heard so much about its splendor that she had expected to find something very different. She mentioned several places whose names were familiar, to which she wished to be driven, but, on seeing them, she found that they did not come up to her expectations. She was driven through a number of narrow streets, finally along a wide but bare-looking place, then into the narrow streets again; then out into the wide place, until she was thoroughly wearied, and did not care to continue her drive any longer.

After this she went out on almost every fine day, and with the same result. Saunders always went with her; she always saw the same commonplace streets; she never saw any one who looked like Dr. Blake.

And this was Paris!

She could not help feeling amazed at the reputation of so mean a city!

Once or twice she thought of shopping. But from this she was prevented by a circumstance which was at once paltry and humiliat-

ing—she had no money. The letter of Bernal Mordaunt had told her not to bring more than was needed for her trip, and the small amount which she happened to have in her purse had been exhausted. Even had she needed more, she would not have known at that time whom to ask for it. She could not ask Bessie. Mr. Wyverne, who had always before supplied her liberally, was dead; and she did not know any one else to whom she could apply. For this cause she had left her home thus ill-supplied with money, and now she felt, for the first time in her life, the helplessness of poverty.

It was this poverty, together with her loneliness and friendlessness, that brought the questions before her, over and over, What

opened into a stairway. To the surprise of Inez, this door was locked. She had often before noticed that it was closed, but, having not had any reason for trying it, she had never known that it was locked; and, on the occasion of her drives, it had always been open. Now, however, she was vexed to perceive that her plan for going out alone was attended with difficulties. She stood for some time knocking, but to no purpose; and at length concluded that it must be accidental, or rather that it rose from an excess of precaution on the part of the stupid old woman. In spite of this simple mode of accounting for such an unpleasant fact, Inez felt not only disappointed but also troubled; and a vague suspicion arose that her sur-

but it did not. She sat with her things on. Saunders prepared lunch at the usual hour, but Inez was too indignant to touch it. At length, at about six in the evening, the old woman came up with dinner. The first impulse of Inez was to give her a sound rating, but this was repressed, and she contented herself with telling her about her disappointment, and directing her to have the door left open on the following day. At this, the old woman stared, but said nothing.

On the following day, however, the very same thing occurred, and Inez, who had again dressed herself for a walk, was unable to go. This time she could not restrain herself.

"There's something about this that I do not understand," said she to Saunders as she



"Buried!"—Page 427.

was she to do? What would become of her? How long would this life go on? She herself could do nothing, and did not know how she ever could do any thing. The world of the past was lost forever to her.

These drives at length became tedious to Inez. She did not like to be always accompanied by Saunders, and the sense of restraint which she felt in the close cab was irksome. She felt strong enough to go alone by herself, and one day resolved to do so. She simply informed the faithful Saunders that she was going out for a short walk, and wished to be alone. Saunders saw by her manner that she was resolved, and said nothing, but meekly acquiesced. Inez was soon ready, and went out into the gallery on her way down.

At the end of the gallery was a door which

roundings were not so satisfactory as they might be. There seemed to be too much surveillance. Some one was always with her. The faithful Saunders was a trifle too faithful. Of that personage she knew but little. She had been her maid for not over three months, and Inez had never thought of her personal peculiarities. She had been satisfied with the faithful performance of the duties which pertained to the responsible office of Saunders, and had never had occasion to think about her more deeply. And, though she tried to drive away the thought as ungenerous, she could not help fearing that the faithful Saunders might be watching over her from other motives than those of affectionate and loyal solicitude.

Inez waited all day for that door to open,

returned to her room. "Do you know what it means, Saunders?"

"Oh, no indeed, miss!" said Saunders; "me?—the idea!"

"Perhaps you can get the door open, or make them hear you, Saunders; you seem to have some understanding with these people."

At this Saunders rolled up her eyes.

"Me, miss! Me an understanding, that never set eyes on them before in all my born days, and only follered you here to this town because you was wantin' me, and homesick now as I be in this gloomy den! Why, whatever you can mean, miss, beggin' your pardon, is more'n I can tell, and I only hope you don't see any thing in me that's underhand—for, if so, I maybe better go away."

At this Inez was startled. To lose Saun-

ders would be too much. She had spoken too hastily. Her suspicions were wrong. She hastened, therefore, to smooth over the ruffled feelings of the faithful one, and Saunders subsided into her usual calm.

That evening at dinner the priest came in. This man had always been distasteful to Inez, but now was all the more so, since she could not understand what he was or what his intentions were. She had not forgotten that he had no tonsure; she did not believe that he could be a priest at all, and the suspicion that he was disguised was a most unpleasant one. On this occasion Inez at once informed him about the door, and told him that it must not occur again. Her tone was somewhat haughty, and she unconsciously adopted an air of command in addressing him.

The priest looked down, avoiding her eyes as usual.

"You are mistaken," said he; "you have gone out whenever you wished. The door is kept locked—on account of thieves—as there are so few servants—and the woman is so old and stupid."

"Very well," said Inez; "I wish to go out to-morrow, and I should like you to tell the old woman, so that she need not make any more of those stupid mistakes."

CHAPTER XXXII.

LIGHT ON THE SITUATION.

SAUNDERS had always been what is called a "faithful creature," and Inez had thus far found her quite invaluable. It was on the morning after her last interview with Gounod, however, that Inez made the discovery that there were limits to the fidelity of her maid. On that morning the faithful Saunders did not make her appearance; and Inez, after waiting an unusually long time, concluded that she must be ill. With this idea she went to see after her, but, on going to her room, found that no one was there. At this she felt annoyed; it looked like neglect, and she went immediately to the parlor in search of her maid, with the intention of administering a pretty sharp rebuke. Here, however, there were no signs of her; and a little further search showed her that she must have gone away. A sudden suspicion then darted across her mind. She hurried back to the maid's room. On entering, the suspicion was confirmed. The trunk was not there. Saunders must have left her, for she had taken her trunk.

This discovery was so painful that at first she felt quite stupefied. She could not imagine how Saunders could have done it, or how Gounod could have allowed it; but, for the present, her mind was less occupied with speculations about the mode of her departure than with painful efforts to imagine the cause of it. Saunders had always been so profuse in her protestations of fidelity, and so unremitting in her services, that this sudden departure seemed to give the lie to it all. It seemed like treachery, and the ease with which she had gone made it appear as though Gounod had connived at it.

In the midst of these thoughts the old

woman arrived, and began her ordinary routine of duties, which consisted in laying the breakfast table and making the beds. Inez did not think it worth while to say anything to her, but waited patiently until she had finished her task, when she asked her to tell Gounod that she would like to see him. In about half an hour, Gounod came.

To her story about the sudden departure of the maid, Gounod listened respectfully, and at once explained. He informed Inez that Saunders told him, the evening before, that she had received sudden intelligence of the dangerous illness of her mother, and would have to go and see her at once; and that he had got a cab, and taken her to the railway-station. The maid, he added, had told him that she did not like to tell her mistress about it; that she felt very badly at leaving her under such circumstances, and requested Gounod to make all necessary explanations. Finally, Gounod offered to procure her another maid, either a French or an English one, whichever she preferred.

Inez thanked him, but replied that for the present she did not feel inclined to have a maid; and, after a few more words, Gounod withdrew.

Gounod's explanation had not altogether satisfied Inez. It was certainly a very natural and a very probable cause for the departure of Saunders; but still Inez could not help thinking that there was something else at the bottom of this. Either Saunders might have grown weary of her lonely life, or else, as she had thought before, she might be in some mysterious league with Gounod. The peculiar conduct of that personage had already seemed suspicious, and now it seemed still more so.

After all, however, in spite of a certain degree of inconvenience which resulted from it, Inez was not altogether sorry to be without a maid. She felt somewhat vexed at the manner in which Saunders had left her, and there were circumstances connected with her departure which excited vague suspicions in her mind; yet, on the whole, she was not particularly distressed about it. The fact is, the constant attendance of Saunders during the drives had grown to be excessively irksome. Her plea had been fidelity; but Inez had begun to suspect that it might be, at best, officiousness, and even something worse. At any rate, it had grown to be so unpleasant that Inez had about resolved not to go out again until she could go alone. The departure of Saunders seemed to leave her free to do this.

Accordingly, to prevent a recurrence of that mistake which had prevented her from going out the last time that she had tried, she sent for Gounod in the following morning. He came in a short time.

"I wish to go out to-day, at noon," said Inez; "and I want you to leave the key of that door with me, or, at least, to leave it open, so that I may not be prevented again by the stupidity of that old woman."

"Certainly," said Gounod. "At what time shall I have the cab ready?"

"I do not want the cab," said Inez. "I wish to go alone."

"Alone!" exclaimed Gounod, in sur-

prise. "You must, of course, have some attendant."

"No," said Inez; "that is the very thing that I do not wish to have. I wish to go alone."

"Alone! But, Heavens! that is impossible. Why, you would be utterly lost. Paris is a labyrinth. You never were here before. You could never find your way back."

"Nonsense!" said Inez. "I shall take the address of the house, and, if I lose my way, I can come back in a cab."

"But, mademoiselle, you do not know the danger here in Paris to a young girl, a stranger, unattended. You do not know, or you would not ask this. It is impossible. Some one must accompany you. Here no young girl ever ventures out into the streets without her *chaperon*."

At these objections Inez felt irritated and suspicious. There might be greater restraint over girls in France than in England; but to her the idea of danger in the streets of Paris, in broad day, seemed preposterous. Yet she did not know exactly what to say in answer to Gounod's strong assertions. She felt eager to go, and throw off this restraint.

"I must go; I insist upon it," she said.

"This imprisonment is too painful. I am always watched. I cannot breathe freely."

"Mademoiselle," said Gounod, "this is not England. Do not talk of a prison. It is a home, a French home; you are simply living like a French girl. Be patient, I pray you. The Abbé Magrath will soon be here. It is painful to me to be obliged to refuse the slightest request of yours, but this one is clearly unreasonable—and what can I do?"

"I cannot understand this at all," said Inez. "This danger is purely imaginary. I shall ~~do~~ if I am shut up this way."

"Mademoiselle, you need not be shut up. You may go out with your attendants."

"My jailers!" exclaimed Inez, indignantly.

"Pardon, mademoiselle, I must ask you not to use such language; it wounds me, and I cannot believe that you have that intention."

"I have no intention of giving pain to any one," said Inez, "but I must insist on being allowed some slight degree of liberty."

"Mademoiselle, I dare not," said Gounod. "What answer could I make to the good Abbé Magrath if any evil should happen to you?"

"The Abbé Magrath is nothing to me," said Inez, fretfully.

"Pardon, mademoiselle. Is he not your guardian? Even now he is engaged in your affairs; he is endeavoring to procure for you a happy home, and I dare not let you expose yourself to danger."

This was Gounod's position, and in this he was immovable. Inez remonstrated, but her remonstrances were in vain. He offered again to find attendants for her, but the offer was of course rejected; and, when he at length took his departure, Inez found herself the lonely occupant of this suite of rooms, which seemed to her already nothing else than a prison-house.

In her deep indignation at Gounod's strictness, and in the impatience with which she chafed at these prison-walls, she imagined a

deeper purpose beneath all this than those commonplace precautions which Gounod professed; and, in the effort to find out what this purpose might be, she found herself looking beyond Gounod to that other one who seemed to her to be the real master here—the one whom Gounod quoted, and whom he called the good Abbé Magrath.

This Abbé Magrath was no other than Kevin Magrath. His name was always associated in her thoughts with those mournful events at Villeneuve, of which his letter to Hennigar Wyverne had been the cause. That letter had ever since been in her possession. Its language was familiar to her memory. She knew every word. It seemed singularly ill-omened, and gave the writer the character of a dark intriguer, to her mind—and a partner with Hennigar Wyverne in his crime, whatever that might have been. This was the opinion which she had formed of Kevin Magrath from that letter of his, and she had never ceased to wonder how it had happened that her dying father had entrusted her to the care of such a man. Either her father had been terribly mistaken in his friend, or she herself must have formed an utterly false opinion with regard to him.

Thoughts like these led her to examine these letters once more, so as to reassure herself about the nature of their contents, and to see if there would now appear in the letter of Kevin Magrath to Hennigar Wyverne all that dark and baleful meaning which she had seen in it at Villeneuve. In her eagerness to ascertain this, Inez brought forth this letter and the letters of Bernal Mordaunt from her pocket-book, where she kept them as her most precious possessions, and little else did that pocket-book contain. These she laid on the table before her, and then spread them all open.

And now, scarcely had she done this, when an extraordinary thing attracted her attention, and a suspicion darted into her mind, so wild, so terrible, that she started back in horror, and for a moment averted her eyes. Yet the thing was there visible enough, and the suspicion was natural enough, for, as her eyes hurried again to the papers, she saw it plainly. It was this:

The writing of these letters was sufficiently alike for them all to have been written by the same man.

One of them was from Kevin Magrath to Hennigar Wyverne. The others purported to be from her father, Bernal Mordaunt, to herself, Inez Mordaunt, his child. Yet all these might have been written by the same man.

What was the meaning of this?

Was it possible that Bernal Mordaunt had been too weak to write, and had employed Kevin Magrath as his amanuensis? It did not seem possible to Inez, for the writing of these letters evidently purported to be that of Bernal Mordaunt himself, and no other; and the characters which grew more and more illegible toward the close were evidently designed to indicate the weakness of a dying man.

What was the meaning of this?

With a trembling hand, and a heart that was now throbbing wildly with terrible excitement, she placed all the letters side by

side, confronted by the frightful fact that the handwriting in all three was essentially the same. So appalling was this discovery that Inez sat motionless for some time, incapable of movement, incapable almost of thought, paralyzed by the tumult of feeling which now agitated her heart. At length she rose to her feet, and, with an unsteady step, and a face more ghastly than it had been ever since the first awful moment of her arrival here, she tottered toward the window, and, sinking down upon a seat there, she looked vacantly and dreamily out. Only one thought was in her mind, a question which she knew not how to answer. What was the meaning of all this?

Thus far Inez had allowed herself to be borne onward by circumstances, and had accepted in good faith what others had told her, whether by letter or by word of mouth. But this last discovery had destroyed her blind faith. It had roused the worst suspicions. It had thrown her back upon her own reason, even as the tragedy at Villeneuve had thrown her; and thus, as the first shock passed, and she gained more control over herself, she began to collect her thoughts, and to review her whole position.

One of two things at length seemed evident to her:

First, the writing of Kevin Magrath and that of Bernal Mordaunt may possibly have been very much alike.

Secondly, Kevin Magrath may have forged these letters.

These were the two alternatives before her, unless indeed she could suppose that Bernal Mordaunt had himself written that first letter to Hennigar Wyverne in Kevin Magrath's name—a thing which, from the nature of the case, was of course impossible.

First, then, was it at all likely that Bernal Mordaunt's handwriting was like Kevin Magrath's? It was certainly possible. How could she know? Could she find out what Bernal Mordaunt's handwriting was really like? Scarce had she asked herself this question when the answer came. She could. In an instant she recollected that little note accompanying the portraits addressed to Hennigar Wyverne years before. She had it yet. The casket was in her trunk. She hurried to the trunk and opened it. With a trembling hand she took out the note, and laid it on the table beside the other papers.

In that moment the answer was given.

The letter of Bernal Mordaunt to Hennigar Wyverne was in writing which had nothing in common with that of the letters purporting to have been written by him to herself. Years of course might make a difference, but the difference here was not that which is produced by time. The difference lay in the essential style of writing. Bernal Mordaunt's was round, Kevin Magrath's sharp and angular. The one who had written these letters in Bernal Mordaunt's name seemed to Inez to have taken it for granted that she knew nothing of Bernal Mordaunt's handwriting, and had therefore taken no pains to imitate it or to disguise his own. And this one was proved to be Kevin Magrath's by his own letter.

How he had managed to send these letters

at such a time Inez could not imagine. He must have had some secret knowledge of her movements, and of the state of her mind. He must have known that she would be prepared to receive Bernal Mordaunt's claim to be her father. From whom could he have obtained this knowledge of her thoughts and feelings? Could Saunders have been his spy and agent? She recalled the noise which had startled her on the night when she searched the cabinet, and wondered now whether she had been watched then, and if the watcher could have been Saunders. It seemed probable. No one was so likely as her own maid to give to Kevin Magrath such information.

It seemed to Inez now that these letters in Bernal Mordaunt's hand were forged. And what followed? A whole world of results—results so important that her brain reeled under the complication of thoughts that arose. If these letters were forged, then Bernal Mordaunt could not have sent for her. He might never have been in Paris. He might even now be searching for her in England. More; she might not be his daughter after all. How could she now believe any thing? How could she tell who she was? Thus there arose in her mind a doubt as to herself and her personal identity, out of which grew fresh perplexity. But this soon passed. Deep down in her heart there was an instinct, undefinable yet strong, which forced her to believe that she was Inez Mordaunt, the daughter of Bernal Mordaunt. Deep down in her heart there was a yearning love which had quickened into active life at the first sight of those portraits; strange feelings and memories had been awakened by the sight of those faces; and her heart claimed them as mother and sister.

The motive that might have animated Kevin Magrath toward weaving around her this dark plot was an impenetrable mystery to her; but that he had woven a plot was now but too painfully evident. His aim seemed evidently to have been to entrap her into his own power through her own consent and co-operation; and, to accomplish this, he had been working most subtly and most assiduously. She recalled the language of his letter to Hennigar Wyverne, with reference to herself, that she (Inez) must be removed from Bernal Mordaunt's way. She now saw that the death of Wyverne had not changed Kevin Magrath's views, but had only caused him to take the matter into his own hands. She saw, too, that a plot of this kind, which had been so successful, and had only been discovered by an accident, could not have been carried out at all without the co-operation of some of the inmates of the house—that one being, as she had already suspected, her maid Saunders.

In the midst of all this she saw that the death of her father in this house must be as false as the dying appeal to her. She considered the whole thing a deception. Affairs had been so managed that she had not caught one glimpse of her father either alive or dead. He had never been here! He was probably alive and searching for her, and she had fallen into the trap set for her. And now, since she was here in this trap, many little circumstances explained themselves—the stealthy

journey from the railway-station, the strange behavior of the man Gounod, whom she had detected as not being really a priest, but only some common man in a priest's dress; the cautious drives out in a close cab; the locked doors; the constant watch—in all this also the faithful Saunders was implicated, for she, under the mask of devotion, had contrived to be with her always. And now here she was, in this deserted building, alone, a prisoner, under lock and key, with the man Gounod and the old woman as her jailers.

What could she do? Could she hope ever to escape?

Dark, indeed, the prospect seemed; nor could she, with all her most anxious thoughts, discern any way by which escape might be effected. This she would have to leave to circumstances in the future. Perhaps she might be removed from this to some other place where an opportunity might arise. She could not hope for more than this, and she could only make up her mind to be as cautious as possible, so as to avoid suspicion, and throw her enemies off their guard.

Night came, but it was a sleepless one to Inez. These new circumstances kept her in a state of constant excitement. Yet, though the discovery which she had made was in one sense so terrible, it was not without its alleviations. Out of this discovery followed an assurance to her, or at least a hope, that her father might yet be alive, that he might be even now seeking for her, and might at last find her. Bessie would see him; she would tell him all that she knew about this journey to Paris. Her father would come here; he would employ the aid of the police; he would at last rescue her. Thus she tried to hope, and this hope was the brightest thing that had occurred to her since her arrival here.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHAPTER ON PARROTS.

WE had two, both of the African species, ash-colored, with a tip of red on their tail-feathers. Of "Polly," who was bought at Leadenhall Market, in 1856, I gave an account in the *Galaxy*, several years ago. Of "Poll," purchased to relieve a poor tradesman from an execution in his house for rent, I have less to tell. She had lost her beauty by a scald on the head, and never possessed the winning ways of her companion. She would, indeed, say, when the reason of her bald pate was asked, "I've been scalded;" and, whenever a bald-headed gentleman entered the room, she shouted to him, "You've been scalded!" and then, turning to her friends, and changing her grammar correctly, would cry out, to our infinite annoyance, "He's been scalded!" She could cry, "Hip, hip, hurrah! three cheers for the queen!" could sing and dance to the tune of "Polly put the kettle on, we'll all have tea;" and would ask very peremptorily for her meals, "Thomas, fetch my dinner—Poll's hungry!" But she had no winning ways, made no friends, did not discriminate character, and left the memory of only a single trait worthy of record. That trait was certainly singular. She caught everybody's laugh. I never noticed

the peculiarity of laughs in my family till "Poll" began to simulate them. From the feminine giggle to the masculine guffaw—from the boisterous laugh of the children to the titter of the house-maid, catching the gamut of every member of our household, even to the suppressed hiccough of James the footman, whose good English breeding allowed only the slightest demonstration of any sentiment whatever—"Poll" would deliver by the hour a series of idiosyncratic laughs, which, amusing enough at first, made her imitations at last an intolerable nuisance. When she once began her cachinnations, nothing would stop her. Indeed, when attacked by a gout that ended her life, her very last breath shaped itself into a giggle, so true to its original that to those who stood around her cage, mourning over her death-agonies, it was irresistibly ludicrous. Laughing herself, she died in the very odor of laughter.

They tell a good story in Newgate Street, London, of a parrot, or of two parrots rather, a gray and a green one, belonging to Morley, a tradesman in the Old Bailey, just opposite the prison, which is vouched for as true in the strictest sense. The man had a wonderful "bird-sense," and his power of training birds became famous throughout the metropolis. He had taught his green parrot to speak whenever a knock was heard at his street-door; but, when the bell of the same door was rung, he had taught the gray parrot to answer. The house, still standing, has one of those projecting porches that prevent the second story from being seen from the pavement. One day, a person knocked. "Who is there?" asked the green parrot. "The man with the leather," was the reply. The bird answered, "All right!" and then became silent. After waiting some time, and not finding the door opened, the man knocked again. "Who is there?" again asked the green parrot. "Who's there?" cried the porter outside. "It's I, the man with the leather; why don't you open the door?" "All right!" repeated the parrot, which so enraged the man that he furiously rung the bell. "Go to the gate!" shouted a new voice, which proceeded from the gray parrot. "To the gate!" repeated the man, seeing no gate; "what gate?" "Newgate! Newgate!" responded the gray parrot. The porter was enraged; but, stepping across the street, the better to answer what he supposed to be the insolence of the house-maids, he saw that he had been outwitted and teased by a couple of parrots.

This same Morley had been employed by a gentleman, who had heard of his knowledge of birds, to purchase for him a white cockatoo. The price was of less importance than the health, disposition, and breeding of the bird. She was to use no bad language, be subject to no fits of passion, have been trained to be handled by women and children, and be cleanly in her habits. Morley took great pains to please his employer, and at last sent him home perhaps the most perfect specimen of the breed ever seen in London. As I saw the bird ten years ago, nothing in the way of ornithological beauty could surpass it. Of pure, snowy white from top of crown to tip of tail; without a speck of lead, gray, or crimson, on a single feather;

free from all sign of cross with paroquet or macaw; and in shape, attitude, bearing, and action, as distinguishable as a blooded horse—"Beauty," as she was called, stood unrivalled. When she was sent home, there was perfect satisfaction; the employer was pleased, as he well might be; the family of daughters in ecstasies of admiration; and Morley richly remunerated for his trouble. But the bird would not talk. This was attributed, at first, to fear; then to change of diet; and, at last, to absolute inability. Of course, there was great disappointment. "Beauty's" cage hung at the dining-room window; every visitor was in admiration of her spotless plumage and faultless shape; and, of course, everybody sympathized in the disappointment at her irremediable defect.

"What a pity it is she does not talk!" remarked a person one day at dinner. "She would be worth her weight in gold."

"She almost cost it as it is," said paterfamilias. "The creature is a cheat. Fine feathers don't make fine birds, certainly not fine parrots. I paid ten guineas for her, and she cannot say one word."

"Ah, but I think the more! What's the use of talking, if you have nothing to say?" came in clear articulate sounds from the cage, to the amazement of family and guests.

That settled forever "Beauty's" supremacy.

Happy as this rejoinder was, it by no means gives a full idea of the intelligence of the bird. She would not learn what you tried to teach her, and she would learn what she ought not. Her owner, Dr. Hall, one day peremptorily discharged a servant. After shutting the door of the study, the latter exclaimed, in anger:

"D—n him! Dr. Hall is a great rascal!"

The bird heard and caught the words, and could never be made to unlearn them. Dr. Hamilton Roe, waiting one morning in Dr. Hall's anteroom, observed "Beauty," and jocularly said:

"Who are you?"

"Beauty's Dr. Hall's trumpeter—ro-to-to-to!" replied the bird; but, immediately becoming grave, and edging confidentially toward the side of the cage, she added, in a lower voice: "D—n him! Dr. Hall's a great rascal!"

Whether it is possible to entirely eradicate bad habits in parrots is doubtful. Captain Simpson, well known by transatlantic passengers, used to duck his paroquet in the sea every time it swore an oath. This seemed to cure him of using profane language. The creature really connected an oath with a dowse in the water, and gave up swearing. One day, in a furious storm, a man was washed overboard, and with great difficulty was recovered. As soon as he was drawn on deck, and efforts were being made to resuscitate him, "Polly" kept hopping around the circle, shaking her head from side to side, and saying, gravely, "You've been swearing—you've been swearing!"

This reminds me of what occurred in a clergyman's family, in Exeter, England. The bishop of the diocese had been holding a confirmation, and was lunching at the rectory with several of his clergy. In the middle of

the repast, one of those dreadful pauses in the conversation took place. No one seemed able to break it, when, to the astonishment and dismay of all present, a most horrible swearing tongue poured forth a torrent of blasphemy and abuse upon the assembled guests! Every one looked aghast at these unusual sounds, which, for a minute or two, continued uninterrupted. The hostess, however, hastily rising from the table, drew aside a muslin curtain and discovered the offender in the person of a gray parrot, purchased that morning from a travelling bird-dealer.

This habit of using profane and filthy language is generally caught by parrots on their sea-voyages from the sailors. When good Queen Charlotte visited Admiral Hawkes's flag-ship, to congratulate him on his great victory, she was attracted by a gray parrot which hung in the fore-castle. The bird was singing "God save the King." Every note and word was given with such perfect accuracy, that her majesty, surprised and delighted, requested a closer interview, and, during lunch, the parrot was consequently swung in her cage on the quarter-deck. No sooner had she roached her place of honor, however, than she forgot all her good manners. A torrent of immodesty, unfit for royal or even plebeian ears, was poured forth, and the creature, unconscious of indecorum, was hurried back to the sailors' quarters.

As a rule, parrots do not learn to speak by rote. A phrase repeated a hundred times will often never be learned, whereas a sharp word, an angry expression, or a quick retort, is caught instantly. The clerk of St. Stephen's, Paddington, a stupid, obese old fellow, tried in vain for years to make a parrot say "Good-night" and "Good-morning;" but the bird, within hearing of the church services, reproduced exactly the droning "Let us pray," and "Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost," of its master. When the old official died, his effects, the bird with the rest, went to the rector. At morning family prayers, after Scripture-reading, when all were devoutly kneeling, the parrot's cage hanging in the room, the parish clerk all at once seemed to have risen from the dead. At the end of the Lord's prayer there came his devout "Amen;" in the Litany, once and again, the droning voice responded, "Good Lord, deliver us;" and, at the conclusion of the *Venite*, "Glory be to God the Father," etc. All this, ludicrous though it was, did not disturb the worship. But shortly, as if possessed with a spirit of mischief, Polly began to respond incessantly and most incorrectly, until children, mother, servants, and even the good rector himself, were convulsed with laughter. The family devotions were broken up in confusion, and the departed clerk's travesty was over afterward deprived of all social means of grace under the rector's roof.

It is said that macaws are the best talkers of the whole species, providing they are reared from the nest. And not only are they able to talk, but they also sing in a peculiar, soft voice. In sweetness, though not in compass, of musical notes, they are, however, excelled by the grass or green parrot. While

the cockatoo is the hardiest of the parrot tribe, and the most easily tamed, it is, at the same time, the most difficult to teach to talk at all well. Its disposition is more gentle, however, and its obedience more implicit, than any of the other species. The gray African parrot, from its docility and aptitude, ranks everywhere first as a favorite, though of late years the common green Amazon, from the little attention it requires, and its quick sagacity, is sharing the general favor.

A gentleman residing in Wilmington, Delaware, owns one of these Amazon parrots. It possesses a fluency and variety of language rarely ever equalled by the African gray. As soon as her master returns from the office for dinner, Polly begins to salute him in fondest expressions: "Papa dear, come and kiss your pretty green beauty! Come in, come in, papa, and give us a kiss, and a thousand more!" When the footman enters the room, she says to him, but never to any one else, "Fetch my dinner, James, I'm hungry. Stupid fellow! I can't eat my head off!" To a bachelor-friend, who frequently spends several weeks at the house, Polly has but one question, never put to any one else, "Oh, you gay deceiver, why did you promise to marry me, and didn't?" To a gentleman, a near neighbor, whom she had once overheard saying, at the after-dinner table, "The bird's invaluable; five hundred dollars would not buy her, if I owned her—would it, Polly?" she always addresses the salute the moment he appears: "Five hundred dollars would not buy Polly, if you owned her! Five hundred dollars! Five hundred dollars! Why, the bird's invaluable!"

This Wilmington parrot certainly discriminates between the sexes and between conditions in life. To a well-dressed young gentleman the remark is, "What a get-up! What a swell you are!" To a young lady, on the contrary, fondling and kissing, she says, with great deference, "Is she not nice?—so nice!" Whereas to a clergyman, who is detected by his dress, she is exceedingly offensive, perpetually calling out, "Let us pray!" "Glory be to God!" "Amen!" She was once lost, stayed out overnight, and grief and searches ruled the disconsolate household. At daybreak, however, a workman, going to his job, was hailed by Polly, from a pile of bricks, with the call, "Take me home! Take me home!" Whether the night-chilled bird did or did not attach meaning to the words, it is certain that the workman did, and that he made a good thing of bringing her home.

I know of no gray parrot that has excelled this. O'Reefe's would sing "God save the King" all through, without missing note or word—kept time with its head—would never sing on Sunday, and, when the king came to hear for himself, refused to utter a word. Discouraged and disappointed, his majesty turned away; but, no sooner had he reached the threshold, than the parrot, in a rich tenor voice, commenced the national song, and went through it to the end. It is a curious fact that the skeleton of this parrot is preserved in the museum at Oxford.

But singing is below speaking as an accomplishment in birds. There is hardly a

songster of the wood that cannot be taught music, and a canary will give a descendant above the reach of any parrot. But it is only the raven, jackdaw, and magpie, that possess the power of speech even in a low degree.

As a friend, the parrot ranks low. Other animals, many certainly, if not all, will stand by a friend when in danger—the parrot never. It is, besides, a bird of bad temper, irascible, revengeful, capricious; admired for eccentricities, but seldom winning love. The sharp beak and jealous eye are always on guard.

N. S. DODGE.

THE AURORA OF THE SEA.

AMONG the more rarely-observed phenomena of northern waters, one of the strangest and certainly the most beautiful is that curious fiery miracle which I have perhaps fancifully called "The Aurora of the Sea."

Although generally associated with tropical regions, and regarded as a phenomenon peculiar to the warm waters of the equator, it appears sometimes in high northern latitudes, and manifests itself there with a splendor which I have never seen equalled in the south, and which is surpassed only by the brilliancy of its celestial prototype, the aurora polaris.

I saw this remarkable phenomenon for the first time and the last in the autumn of 1867, while making a late voyage across the Siberian sea of Okhotsk. For nearly two years I had been engaged, with several other Americans, in the work of locating and building the line of the Russo-American Telegraph Company through Northeastern Asia; but, just previous to the time of which I speak, that ill-fated enterprise had been abandoned, and the company's bark *Onward* had been sent across the North Pacific with orders to close up the business, and, as the captain facetiously expressed it, "bring home the mourners."

Our arctic drama had closed abruptly in the middle of the first act, and nothing remained to be done but to put out the lights—a score or more of camp-fires—send home the actors, and apologize to the audience. In the performance of these last duties, we (a dozen disappointed telegraphers and explorers) sailed in September from the little Siberian settlement of Geezhega, with the intention of picking up our scattered working-parties along the coast, and bidding farewell, we hope forever, to that land of snow-storms and barren steppes.

It is not my purpose to describe our long and dismal voyage. It was remarkable only for its storminess, and I prefer to leave its miseries unrelated, and hurry on to the grand marine illumination, with which it and our Siberian life closed.

On the 19th day of September we crossed the 141st meridian of east longitude, about sixty miles south of the Russian settlement of Okhotsk.

The day, for that season of the year, had been an unusually warm and quiet one. The heavy sea and contrary winds, which had hitherto disputed with us every inch of prog-

ness, seemed at last to have wearied themselves out, and just before sunset the faint breeze, which had been blowing fitfully off the northwest coast throughout the afternoon, sunk into a dead calm. I paced the quarter-deck as usual for an hour or two after supper, and then, seeing no prospect of a change in the weather, went below and challenged Arnold to a game of chess. Becoming interested in my opponent's skilful, dashing play, I thought no more about the "probabilities" as to weather until almost midnight, when I heard the voice of the second mate calling me, down the companion-way, to come on deck.

Wondering if we had at last taken a favorable "slant" of wind, I went up. It was one of those warm, clear, semitropical nights, so rarely seen on northern waters, when a profound calm reigns in the moonless heavens, and the hush of absolute repose rests upon the tired, storm-vexed sea.

There was not the faintest breath of air to stir even the reef-points of the motionless sails, or roughen ever so slightly the dark, polished mirror of water around the ship. Only a long, faint swell at intervals—the unconscious sigh of the sleeping ocean—showed that, even in its dreams, it remembered the persecution of its old enemy, the wind. A soft, imperceptible haze hid the line of the far horizon, and blended sky and water into one great hollow sphere of twinkling stars. Earth and sea had passed away with the vanished wind, and our motionless ship floated spellbound in vacancy, the only earthly object in an encircling universe of stars and planets. The great, luminous band of the Milky-way seemed to sweep round beneath us in a complete circle of white, misty light, and far down under our keel gleamed the three bright stars in the belt of Orion. Only when a fish sprang with a little plash out of one of these submarine constellations, and shattered it into trembling fragments of broken light, could we realize that this vast, starry under-world was only a mirrored reflection of the midnight sky.

Absorbed in the strange beauty of the scene, I had forgotten to ask the mate why he had called me on deck, but, as I leaned over the rail and traced out familiar star-clusters in the great ocean-mirror upon which we floated, he touched me on the shoulder, and, in a voice lowered by instinctive sympathy with the enchanted stillness, asked:

"Curious thing, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's a wonderful thing!" I replied, enthusiastically, supposing that he referred to the perfect reflection of the sky in the water; "it's the most beautiful night I ever saw at sea."

"What d'ye s'pose makes it?" he inquired again.

"Makes it! makes what?"

"Why! that there light; don't you see it?"

Following the direction of his outstretched arm, I now saw for the first time a bank of pale, diffused light, six or eight degrees in height, extending along the northern horizon from about north-northwest to east-northeast, and resembling, as much as any thing, the first faint dawning of an aurora. The horizon-line could not be distinguished, but the

soft haze which hid it was suffused with a mysterious glow, which faded by imperceptible gradations into the sky above and the water beneath. The first thought which suggested itself to me, was that of a fire below the horizon, whose glare would naturally light up the mist in precisely this way. A moment's reflection, however, convinced me that it could not be so explained, because the nearest headland of the Siberian coast was fully forty miles distant, and the horizontal glow extended laterally over more than eight points of the compass.

"Did you ever see any thing like it before?" I inquired of the mate.

"Never!" he replied; "but it looks as if the northern lights had come down on the water."

Wondering what could be the nature of this mysterious light, I climbed into the shrouds to get a better view. As I watched it, it began suddenly to move to the westward, lengthening out at one end like a rapidly-spreading fire, and shortening at the other, until its centre had shifted its position at least five points, its relative dimensions remaining about the same.

I now observed a similar bank of luminous haze in the southeast, which, although not yet connected with the first, seemed to be rapidly approaching it, and in a moment the two curtains of misty light united, forming a great semicircular band of pale radiance more than half round the heavens.

I could as yet form no conjecture as to the cause or nature of this mysterious, moving light; and, after watching it a few moments, I went below to call the captain, whose long whaling experience in the north would, I thought, enable him to suggest some explanation of the curious phenomenon.

Hardly had I reached the foot of the cabin-stairs, when I heard the voice of the second mate again, crying:

"O Kenna! Come on deck, quick!" and, rushing hurriedly up, I saw for the first time, in all its splendor, that strangest of ocean wonders—the phosphorescence of the sea.

With almost incredible rapidity a mantle of bluish white fire had covered nearly all the dark water north of us, and its clearly-defined but irregular outline now appeared within five hundred yards of the ship, advancing toward us in a succession of quick electric flashes, which seemed to light up instantaneously vast areas of dark water, and turn them by some wondrous marine alchemy to molten silver.

Before I had even time to shout down the companion-way to Arnold, the area of phosphorescence embraced the ship, its edge sweeping past us like a flash of heat-lightning, and leaving us afloat on a ghastly luminous ocean, which extended to the northward and eastward beyond the limits of vision.

In less than two minutes not a single square foot of dark water could be seen in any direction from the quarter-deck, and the whole rigging of the ship to the royal-yards was lighted up with a faint-blue, unearthly glare.

The ocean resembled a great plain of snow, illuminated by blue fire, and overhung by a sky which had suddenly assumed an inky blackness.

The Milky-way almost entirely disappeared before the blaze of light from the sea, and even stars of the first magnitude twinkled dimly, as if half concealed by mist. The change from the still, solemn gloom of a moonless night, to the glory of an illuminated ocean, was so sudden and so startling that we could hardly believe the evidence of our senses.

Only a moment before, the dark, still water had reflected silently myriads of twinkling stars, and the outlines of the ship's spars had been projected as dusky shadows against the Milky-way; but now, the whole sea was ablaze with opaline light, and the yards and sails were drawn in faint-blue tints on a background of jet. The metamorphosis was sudden and grand beyond description.

The aurora of the north seemed to have left its home in the higher regions of the atmosphere, and descended in a sheet of vivid electrical fire upon the ocean. As we stood silent with amazement upon the quarter-deck, this sheet of bluish fire suddenly vanished over ten or fifteen square miles of water, causing, by its almost instantaneous disappearance, a transient sensation of total blindness, and leaving the sea for a moment a black, impenetrable abyss; but, as the pupils of our eyes gradually dilated, we saw as before the dark, polished mirror of water around the ship, while far away on the horizon appeared again the faint luminous mist which had first attracted our attention. The phosphorescence could not have lasted longer than three or four minutes, and it was so startling in the unheralded swiftness and brightness of its coming that we could only stare in blank surprise at the shining sea, as if—in the mate's words—the northern lights had indeed come down upon the water. But, when the phosphorescence disappeared, and the luminous mist came out again on the horizon, we understood at once the connection of the one with the other. The horizontal glow was simply the lighting up of the mist by the illuminated water underneath, and its rapid lateral extension and contraction were caused by the swift transference of the phosphorescent area from place to place.

With eager interest, therefore, we watched the distant bank of luminous vapor, which alternately glowed and faded as the area of phosphorescence shifted, until at last a long bright line appeared below the rosy mist, as if a coming breeze were ruffling the dark waters into silver. It was the approach of the marine aurora. With an excited shout of "Here she comes again!" from the second mate, the great blue tide of phosphorescence swept noiselessly up around the ship, and we floated again upon a sea of liquid silver.

We had by this time recovered a little from the excitement into which we were thrown by the first appearance of the splendid phenomenon, and, instead of staring vaguely out over the sea, or up at the illuminated rigging, as before, we examined as closely as possible the surface of the water alongside the ship. I observed, first of all, that what I had taken to be a solid continuous sheet of phosphorescence, was in reality an aggregation of innumerable tiny points, or spangles of light, separated from each other by such

inconsiderable distances that they collectively produced upon the eye an impression of continuity and solidity. These spangles appeared to be in constant motion, and the water immediately under the rail looked as if it were filled with shining particles of silvery dust, which were being stirred up from below, and which flashed brilliantly as they came to the surface. There was no wind, nor any perceptible agitation of the water, but now and then the sheet of phosphorescence seemed to become more brilliantly white in some places than in others, and then to gradually fade again. There was not at any time, however, the least sign of dark water. The sea everywhere was silvery white, with a faint tinge of blue, and only at the comparatively short distance of four or five feet was it possible to resolve the light into its minute component particles.

While I stood leaning over the rail, looking intently at the water alongside, the phosphorescence suddenly disappeared again over an area of four or five square miles east of the ship, and, in an instant more, over all the water in our immediate vicinity, leaving only a strong bright line on the northern horizon to show where it had gone.

This remarkable mobility of the phosphorescent region was to me the most perplexing feature of the phenomenon. I could understand how the surface of the water might be made luminous by the presence of marine infusoria, but where were the infusoria before the light appeared, and what became of them when the light vanished?

Did they remain during the whole time in the same place? If so, how did it happen that during the greater portion of that time they were all invisible? Was the discipline in this innumerable host so perfect that no self-willed disorderly monad ever ventured to let his light shine without general orders from headquarters?

It seemed to be so. The dark water was unbroken by a single spark of phosphorescence until some hidden signal announced the appointed time, and then, simultaneously, myriads of floating animalcula lighted their tiny lamps over ten square miles of water, covering the sea with a continuous mantle of fire, and dimming even the brightness of the far-away stars. But if the phosphorescence was mysterious in its origin, it was doubly so in its utter extinction.

Twice in less than ten minutes the light almost instantaneously vanished over an area of water whose diameter, measured by the velocity of sound, could not have been less than fifteen seconds in length. The phosphoric light, however, never seemed to disappear entirely from the whole ocean. When it vanished from one place, it blazed out in another, and, although it surrounded our ship only twice, it came several times afterward within a thousand yards of us, and for nearly two hours could be traced on the northern horizon by the luminous mist, which sometimes moved over six points of compass in as many seconds of time.

After the second disappearance of the light from that part of the ocean which was visible from our quarter-deck, I noticed that the water, although not luminous itself, seemed to

glid with a phosphorescent glow every object immersed in it.

The medusæ (*Aurelia aurita*) that floated past from time to time, looked like golden plates and goblets from some wrecked argosy, gleaming up out of the depths of the sea. The copper on the ship's bottom shone like burnished gold; every tack and seam could be counted, and the rudder was distinctly visible to its lowest pintle.

For almost two hours the mate and I remained on deck, watching the rosy mist as it moved along the northern horizon, or following the golden medusæ, which passed us with slow, intermittent throbs, bearing illuminated Greek crosses on their backs, as if bound upon some submarine crusade. There was no return, however, of the phosphorescence. At one o'clock a breeze sprung up from the southwest, and, as the water became rougher and rougher, the shining medusæ sunk down out of sight, the glow on the horizon vanished, and not a trace of light remained in heaven or on the sea, except an occasional gleam from a breaking crest of foam, and the quiet radiance of the tranquil stars.

GEORGE KENNAN.

OUR GOLDEN YOUTH.

A STRONGER proof of the difference between the social condition of British and American society could scarcely be found than the fact that, while English gentlemen of position and fortune are at a loss what to do with their sons, inasmuch as they, with the exception of the eldest, will be so poor, affluent Americans, on the other hand, find themselves in a quandary about their boys' present and future, because they are, or will be, so rich. Each day the difficulty increases here as there.

The wealth of this country has augmented so rapidly since the war, that many men in New York, and a considerable number of them in Philadelphia, Boston, and other large cities, who have only two or three children, find themselves in a condition to bequeath to each of them some sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year.

In England, where alone out of this country large fortunes are common, the possession of such a fortune, or the certainty of inheriting it, is not often a moral stumbling-block to a young man. The stumblers are, rather, those who, having five hundred a year, endeavor to live with men who have fifteen thousand. No doubt notorious instances of extravagance, and consequent bankruptcy, may be pointed to among peers and wealthy country-gentlemen; but, taken as a class, the percentage of those who go to the bad is extremely small.

It was once said by a keen observer, who was no particular friend of the peerage, that it would be difficult to take, hap-hazard, any two dozen men from the various classes of society who would be found to be as well educated and personally respectable as the same number of dukes. Whether it be the possession of several of those five thousand pounds a year which Miss Sharp felt sure

would have enabled her to be respectable, or that *noblesse oblige*, it is true that the number of men of this order who, in the long-run, turn out badly, forms a very small percentage. We suspect the truth to be that, with all their luxury and self-indulgence, a young man who knows, almost from infancy, that the vast estates over which his eyes range will all one day be his, becomes imbued with a sense of moral responsibility, which, although for a time dormant, is rarely, especially when among his own people, lost.

"My lord may drink and gamble when he's in town," said a neighbor of a certain dissipated peer, "but, when he's down among his own folks, he never forgets that he's the Earl of L—, and behaves as a nobleman should."

Now, with our golden youth, similar wholesome, restraining influences are wanting. They have no tenantry to look up to them, no standing in the county to maintain, nor have they political connections to cement, or intellectual aspirations to satisfy in the political arena. They have not even open to them the benefit of the training and tone which may be gained in a first-rate regiment, which has frequently been found a wonderfully efficient machinery for knocking the nonsense out of a bumptious young "swell."

"Their only labor is to kill the time." And inasmuch as the majority of them, having had no motive for mental exertion, are lamentably deficient in knowledge, and have no taste for literature or science, it naturally follows that, from sheer ennui, they drift into drinking and every kindred vice; and such of them as reach their fortieth year are too often, mentally and physically, mere wrecks.

For some time past there has been a disposition on the part of rich men to send their sons to school and college in England. This has, no doubt, arisen from the idea that the English system of education is a good one for rich young men. For rich young Englishmen it may be; for Americans it is not.

The young New-Yorker, who, provided with ample means, becomes the companion of incipient marquises at Eton and Christ Church, can no longer be regarded as genuinely and radically really American. It is impossible to serve two masters, and a boy cannot be English and American at once. He returns to his native land with his allegiance shaken. His relations are here, his friends there. At the most malleable and impressionable period of life he has been put into that foreign country, where, above all others, the wheels of life are made to glide most smoothly for those who have ample means. He becomes inured to tastes and habits which are not those of his native land, and, perhaps, in spite of himself, craves that which cannot be obtained here. He thus finds himself in the perplexing condition of a man out of joint with one country, and yet without a single tie of kindred with another. We can scarcely conceive a position less desirable.

The fact is, that our social structure was not designed for such an incubus as a number of very rich, idle, half-educated young men; but here they are—their number is increasing, and it remains to be seen what is to be done with them. One of the

most unfortunate circumstances in their case is the intense predilection for town, and town pursuits, which especially marks them. When the summer season approaches, the Fifth-Avenue *flâneur* transfers his highly-adorned person to Newport, which is merely Fifth Avenue *super mare*. There he dresses thrice a day, takes a drive after dinner, goes to the club, and dances and gambles as he would in town.

If these young men would only take an interest in the country and country-life, purchase picturesque pieces of land, improve them, make country-seats, and, further, form a sort of American Melton in Virginia, or some other place where there is usually an open season for hounds, they would greatly improve their chances of longevity, and stock of health and happiness. At present they are merely decorated drones amid the hard-working hive—fashionable *fungi*, doing injury to themselves and their surroundings.

HEALTHY LAWYERS.

SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN seems to have amply sustained, at Geneva, the reputation of eminent English lawyers for endurance at an advanced period of life. His unremitting assiduity is reported to have excited admiring comment on every side. What is the secret of this Ninon de l'Enclos-like retention of youth on the part of these legal magnates—Eldon, his brother Stowell, Thurlow, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Campbell, Lefroy, and a host more? British statesmen bear no comparison to them. Pitt sank into an untimely grave at forty-seven; Canning, too, and Charles Fox, found early graves. Few eminent English statesmen have reached an advanced age in health and strength—Lords Palmerston and Russell being the notable exceptions.

Probably the lawyers have very fine constitutions to begin with, and thus outlast a host who fall by the way. Again, their lives are, after the first, cheery. There's nothing jollier than a bar-mess on a holiday night, or an *impromptu* supper in Lincoln's Inn or the Temple. Moreover, a barrister's life has this great advantage over an attorney's, that he's free from all the worry of personal contact with his client, who is to him an abstract being, and whose hopes, fears, and anxieties become, in an infinitely less degree, a subject of personal feeling than to a solicitor. It is a fact well known to eminent medical practitioners that other people's worries very often seriously affect the mental and thence bodily health of confidential lawyers, who become the repositories of every sort of painful family difficulty, and whose counsel and advice are sought in the most trying emergencies; for, as the *Saturday Review* once pertinently observed, the family-lawyer is the modern father-confessor in a Protestant country.

Another circumstance conducive to longevity on the part of great lawyers is, that they usually enjoy a golden mean in point of income, and are free from money-troubles. A fine constitution, a profession which, if very arduous and exacting, is congenial, a healthy ambition, and joyous social intercourse, seem

to be ingredients which conduce to their vigorous old age. To these may fairly be added a love of exercise, and especially riding. Among the early morning horsemen in Rotten Row will be found most of her majesty's judges and counsel learned in the law. Many of them, in almost all weathers, ride down to their work at Westminster; and the clusters of horses and grooms which about four o'clock begin to gather outside the courts, are those appertaining to members of the learned professions. Sir John Coleridge is a very regular rider, and so is Lord Cairns, who has all an Irishman's ardor for a cross-country run with the hounds.

ENGLAND'S WEALTHIEST SONS.

THE two wealthiest Englishmen, so far at least as personal estate goes, who have ever lived in England, have died within the last decade. They were Mr. Morrison and Mr. Brassey. The personal property of the first was sworn under twenty million dollars; that of the second under thirty millions; but it is understood that a great deal of Mr. Brassey's estate has not yet been sworn for duty, owing to difficulties in appraising it, and that, in fact, it will prove to be nearly one hundred millions when this has been done. Both these men, like most of those who have made the very largest fortunes, began life poor. Mr. Morrison entered a dry-goods warehouse, where he contrived to secure the affections of his employer's daughter. They were married, and he was taken into the business, to which he ultimately succeeded.

One great stroke he made was the buying up all the crape in England, in anticipation of the death of the Princess Charlotte, of Wales. This lucky hit is supposed to have put a very large sum of money into his pocket.

He invested a large portion of his enormous wealth in real estate, and became one of the greatest landlords in the United Kingdom. His principal country-residence was Basildon Park, near Reading, in Berkshire. It is a stately mansion, standing in a very pleasant park, and filled with a magnificent collection of works of art, of which he was a very liberal purchaser. The very book-cases, tables, and chairs, were designed by men such as Sir Charles Eastlake, R. A. In the dining-room were two columns of rare and beautiful marble, purchased from a church in Italy at a prodigious price. These pillars were extraordinarily heavy, and considerable difficulty was experienced in bringing them to their destination, the roads being, at various points, quite broken into holes by the weight. Besides his collection at Basildon, Mr. Morrison had a gallery of choice pictures at his house in London.

He was not in the least ostentatious, nor did he ever evince the tendency, so common to *nouveau riches*, of toadying people of rank, his principal associates being eminent artists.

Toward the close of his life he became, as so often happens in the case of very rich men, oppressed with the idea that he was miserably poor and should die a pauper; and

a small sum was paid to him every week, as a wage, to humor his fancies.

Mr. Morrison left several sons. To the eldest he bequeathed the interest in his warehouse, estimated at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year (which that gentleman sold to a joint-stock company), and further very extensive estates.

To the second he left some two hundred thousand dollars a year, and to the others incomes varying from sixty to eighty thousand dollars.

All his sons have turned out steady, respectable men; and one is a well-known Liberal member of Parliament.

Mr. Brassey's great fortune was the result, in the first instance, of successful railway-contracts, and then of the accumulations consequent upon the great sums thus made. Like Mr. Morrison, he was the least ostentatious of men, and, like him, too, was fortunate in a wife who resembled him in this respect. Indeed, Mr. Brassey's expenditure, so far as his establishment, etc., went, probably did not exceed fifty thousand dollars a year, when his income was two million dollars a year. Like Mr. Morrison, he was fortunate in his children. He had three—all sons. They bear the highest character, and now have divided among them the colossal fortune which their father and mother only seemed to care for in so far as it would contribute to their children's happiness.

It is remarkable that these two men—England's wealthiest sons—should all their life have been indifferent to what most successful men in their country aspire to—a seat in Parliament. Mr. Morrison, we believe, did occupy one for a brief time, but Mr. Brassey never. Two of his sons are now very useful members of Parliament.

R. WYNFORD.

THE AUTUMN SHEAF.

STILL I remember early autumn days,
When golden leaves were floating in the air,
And reddening oaks stood sombre in the haze,
Till sunset struck them with its redder glare—

And faded, leaving me by wood and field,
In fragrant dew, and fragrant velvet mould,
To wait among the shades of night concealed,
And hear that story which but once is told.

Through many seasons of the falling leaves,
I watched my fading hopes, and watched their fall;
In memory they are gathered now like sheaves,
So withered, that a touch would scatter all.

Dead leaves, and dust more dead, to fall apart,
Leaves bending once in arches over me,
And dust enclosing once a loving heart,
And I so happy with youth's mystery.

It cannot be unbound, my autumn sheaf—
Then let stand the ruin of the past;
Returning autumn brings the old belief,
Its mystery all its own, and it will last.

ELIZABETH STODDARD.

HAMILTON GRANGE.

THE Grange, the residence of Major-General Alexander Hamilton, of Revolutionary memory, is situated in the northern part of Manhattan Island, a little more than a mile from Manhattanville. It stands upon high ground that commands a beautiful view

to meet Aaron Burr. While it has remained undisturbed by the spirit of improvement, nearly the whole face of the upper part of the island has been changed.

One of the remarkable features of the place is a grove of thirteen stately gum-trees

were made the emblems. Our artist has given a sketch of these trees, all of which are still standing.

Hamilton's history and public services are too well known to bear repetition. His continual unselfish devotion to his country's in-



HAMILTON GRANGE.

of both the East and the North Rivers. The house—a square, wood structure of two stories, with ornamental balustrades and large chimney-stacks—has a solid, substantial look, befitting the character of the man who built it for his home. It is remarkable, in this age of change, and considering its situation, that it remains in a state of almost perfect preservation, but little altered from the condition in which its lamented owner left it on that fatal morning when he went to Weehawken

on the lawn in front of the mansion, which were planted by General Hamilton in token of the union and perpetuity of the thirteen original States of the republic. The beautiful star-like leaf of this tree rendered it peculiarly appropriate for the purpose. We can imagine that the patriot guarded them with the tenderest care, and watched them as they slowly developed a growth which has finally become as strong and sturdy as that of the young sovereignties of which they

terests did not add to his own pecuniary advancement, and, when he resigned the secretaryship of the Treasury in 1795, and resumed the practice of his profession in New York, he was a poor man. In a letter which he wrote at this time to his sister, Mrs. Church, in London, he said: "I tell you, without regret, what I hope you anticipate, that I am poorer than when I went into office." He was compelled to work hard to support the position which he was obliged to

maintain, and midnight often found him toiling in his office. Said Talleyrand to a friend, after meeting Hamilton at this stage of his career: "I have beheld one of the wonders of the world. I have seen a man who has made the fortune of a nation laboring all night to support his family."

During his first year in New York Hamilton lived in a small house in Pine Street, but, as soon as his means would permit, he removed thence to No. 24 Broadway. This was his residence until the year 1802, when he removed to the Grange, which he had built at Manhattanville, then about eight and a half miles from the city. The timber of this house is said to have been a present from his father-in-law, General Philip Schuyler, of Albany. The building is constructed in the most substantial manner, and is good for a century yet, if the exigencies of city improvement do not demand its destruction.

Hamilton named his place in honor of the ancestral seat of his family in Scotland, his father, James Hamilton, having been the fourth son of Alexander Hamilton, of the Grange, Ayrshire. He took great pride in the place, and devoted much time to its embellishment. The arrangement of the grounds, the planting of flowers, of shrubbery, and of trees, received his personal care and attention. While living here he generally drove to and from the city in a two-wheeled carriage with a single horse. His family at this time consisted of his wife, five sons, and two daughters, and a young lady, the orphan-daughter of Colonel Autie, who was killed in the Revolutionary War. She was educated and treated in all respects as his own daughter. Hamilton had had eight children; but his eldest son, Philip, was killed in a duel, November 24, 1802, on the same ground, it is said, where his father afterward fell.

Thus comfortably settled in the place of his choice, in the midst of sylvan beauty, in the possession of every thing that a refined taste could want, and surrounded by a loving and united family, the patriot had every reason to hope that the arduous labors of the past would be crowned with a peaceful and happy old age. But, alas! in one short hour the light and life of this delightful home was quenched forever.

Hamilton did not die at the Grange, nor was he buried from it. After the duel, he was taken across the river, in an unconscious condition, to the house of Mr. Bayard, where his afflicted family came to receive his last farewells, and where he expired the next day, about two o'clock p. m., July 12, 1804. The funeral took place from the residence of John B. Church, in Robinson Street. Mr. Church was his brother-in-law, having married the eldest daughter of General Schuyler. Hamilton's remains lie in Trinity Churchyard, where his monument may be seen on the Rector-Street side.

Hamilton's affairs were much involved at the time of his death. At the close of the Revolution, he invested what little money he had in public lands in some of the northern New-York counties. This proved to be a poor speculation, for the country was settled but slowly, and he never derived any benefit from the purchase. After his decease, the



THIRTEEN "UNION" TREES PLANTED BY HAMILTON.

friends of the family, in order to save the Grange for them, advanced money to pay his debts, and took these lands at a higher valuation than their market price. Thus was performed, by private generosity, what ought to have been considered the sacred duty of the country.

The family continued to reside at the Grange for some years, but it, at length, passed out of their hands. It is now the property of the heirs of the late William G. Ward, who became its owner in 1845.

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

CHAPTER LX.

THE FUNERAL, AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

THURSDAY went by and Friday came—Friday, the last day of the races, and the last day before the funeral. According to the newspapers, the last day of the Ascot meeting in 1870 was "unquestionably the most agreeable of the four." There had been rain, in the first place, and the dust was laid. That alone was enough to mark Friday with a white stone, for a day without dust at Ascot is as rare as the phoenix was in the days when there were phoenixes, a bird now denied to us, along with so many other blessings, because of our unbelief. Then the racing was very good, and every one was in a good temper; but, for all that, we are quite sure that Amicia and Florry Carlton found that Friday any thing but agreeable. The party all met as usual in the Charity box, but Florry and Amicia only met as wild beasts meet when they fall into the same pitfall—

"A common feeling makes them wondrous kind," and under that feeling they forbore from tearing one another to bits, or, what is the same thing in women, from picking one another to pieces.

Till the last moment of the last day, Amicia and Florry had buoyed themselves up with the hope that, after all, Harry Fortescue would return for that last evening. Florry had even gone so far in her calculations as to confide to Alice—

"But, after all, what is the good of his returning now? He would spend all his time with that odious woman, and go back to town with her to-morrow. I should have no good out of him. No; on the whole, I hope he will not come."

"Ah! darling," said Alice; "I am afraid you say that because the grapes are sour. How I wish you were as happy as I am!"

But, though they both buoyed themselves up with the hope, hope is very often as treacherous as those bladders which bear bad swimmers out of their depth and then desert them to drown. Harry Fortescue did not return to Ascot, and both hope and apprehension about him, or what he would do, were in vain. The races came to an end, and Florry Carlton and Amicia, the wild beasts, left their pitfall and retired, the one over the heath to Ousemeire, and the other along the road to Heath Lodge, to spend the evening in pouting and sulking, and in bad resolutions of the retribution they would take on Harry Fortescue as soon as they met him.

"I will never speak to him again," said Amicia to Lady Charity.

"Oh, yes, you will, my dear," said Lady Charity. "I know you better. You will speak to him as soon as you see him."

"I will never bow to him in the Row," said Florry to Alice. "I will never dance

with him; I don't think him worth dancing with."

"Pray do not say such dreadful things, darling," said Alice, whose tears, like water in some soils, were always rather near the surface. "You will make me cry if you go on so."

"I don't care if I do!" said Florry, savagely. "Why should you be so happy while I am so miserable?"

"Don't reproach me for loving Edward," said Alice; "it really is not my fault."

As she said this she threw her arms round her sister, and first she wept and then Florry wept; not softly like Alice, but in great, heavy thunder-drops of tears which rolled slowly down her cheeks.

It is really so dull at Ascot that we must rush back to town only to find Harry Fortescue calling on the Prices. They were very sad, so that we have not made an exchange for the better in coming back to London. It was the last day that remained to them with all that remained of their mother. Next morning Mr. Nail was to come to perform his melancholy office, and then the sisters would be left alone on the earth.

There was little or no conversation; it flagged much more than it had done the day before. There the three sat, the girls sobbing and speaking now and then in a broken voice, and Harry gazing at Edith. Why did he go to visit them? What a heartless question! Was he not the only friend except Edward Vernon that they had on earth? and you all know why Edward Vernon could not visit them. Harry Fortescue was, therefore, quite justified in going to see the sisters every day. It was a comfort to them, and he would have been a brute not to go. Besides, was he not in love with Edith? You see, therefore, he had every reason to go, and even Mr. Leek on this melancholy occasion refrained from reviling him to Mrs. Leek as "a hinsolent arystocrat."

And all this time Edith was growing more and more grateful to Harry, fearing him less and respecting him less; growing in love with him you will say, but we do not say so; we only beg you to wait and see.

But before Harry Fortescue left the Prices that evening he had something to say, and he said it.

"I shall be here to-morrow at eleven," he said, "and go with *Aer* to the cemetery."

He said "her" instead of "it" because he had a heart, but that little word was enough to throw both the sisters into tears.

"We are both going with her too," said Edith, sobbing. "It is so good of you to go with us."

Then Harry felt he could do no more for them that day, and left them with his heart in his throat, and went down to the club and wrote as follows to Edward Vernon:

"MY DEAR NED: I am afraid you must think I have been behaving very badly, especially as I have not answered your kind letter."

We ought to have said that Edward had written to Harry on Wednesday night, expressing his sorrow at Mrs. Price's death, and begging Harry to return if possible on Thursday or Friday. But the letter went on: "I have been very busy with the Prices, and there has been much to arrange about the funeral, besides trying to comfort them in their loneliness. To-morrow is the funeral, and then something must be settled as to their future plans. I do not think it will ever do for Edith to return to Norfolk and leave Mary alone. I wish you would think over the matter and give me your advice. I suppose we shall soon meet. Do you return to-morrow? With many apologies to the ladies, and kind remembrances to both,

"Believe me, ever yours,

"HARRY FORTESCUE."

When Edward Vernon received Harry Fortescue's letter on Saturday morning, he was in no little difficulty, and for a very good reason. Harry evidently expected him in town to obtain his advice, and yet Edward had accepted an invitation from Lady Penroyal the night before to return with them to Farthinghoe Castle and spend a few days. This was so kindly meant that Edward had felt he had no choice in the matter, and he knew Alice would be angry with him if he refused. How, therefore, could he go to town to give Harry the benefit of his advice?

Amicia was not down when he received the letter. She was sulking in bed, we believe; but dear Lady Charity was there ready to make breakfast for Edward. She saw his perplexity at once, and asked him what it was. The tender-hearted Edward made a clean breast of it, and took her into his confidence.

"It wouldn't so much matter if it could be at all arranged that Miss Price should stay in town for a few days. If she put off her return to Blickling for a week, one would have time to turn round and consider the matter. As it is, she will be gone before I get back to town."

You already know that Lady Charity was the kindest and most sympathetic woman in the world. So that the object was really right and proper, she would do any thing to serve her friends, and she had taken very much both to Harry and Edward, particularly when she heard how nobly they had behaved toward the Price family.

"And so you very much wish Miss Price to remain in town a few days?"

"I do very much wish it," said Edward. "We shall then be able to see what is best to be done for them."

"They can never stay in that dull, wretched house where they lost their poor mother," said Lady Charity. "If they do, they will never recover their spirits."

"I should think they needed a change very much," said Edward.

"How would it do if I were to write to Miss Price, whom I already know and like extremely, and ask her to come with her sister and stay a week in my house before she returns to Norfolk? I am sure I can arrange it all with Mrs. Blickling."

"I should say you were an angel if I did not know it already," said Edward, warmly.

"So many people have called me 'angel' lately," said Lady Charity, laughing, "that I begin to be afraid of the name. As for Amicia, I am sure I don't know what she will call me if she hears what I am going to do. But never mind, it is the right and charitable thing to do, and I mean to do it."

"I am sure Harry Fortescue will be charmed, whatever Lady Sweetapple may be," said Edward. "If you write at once, Miss Price will get your letter to-night."

"Then there's no time to lose," said Lady Charity.

And so they both sat down and scribbled off their letters, and Edward ran away with them to the post, and just reached it before the box closed.

"That was a near thing," he said; "but never mind, there they are in the box, and Harry will get mine to-night. He will be disappointed, I know, but it can't be helped; and then that dear Lady Charity's letter will cheer him up when he learns from Edith of the proposed arrangement. Of course she will accept it."

Then he returned and had his breakfast, and found Amicia still up-stairs. As Lady Charity poured out his tea, she said:

"Do you know, Mr. Vernon, I think it will be just as well not to say any thing to Lady Sweetapple about my invitation to Miss Price. She will find it out for herself soon enough when she gets back to town."

"Just as you please," said Edward. "But I must say I cannot see what Lady Sweetapple can have to say as to your inviting any one to your house."

"Of course not," said Lady Charity. "I did not mean that. I only meant that, as she is in very low spirits, I would not for the world say anything to her likely to make her worse."

"Oh, I see," said Edward, proceeding with his breakfast. "Perhaps she might not like it."

That morning Harry Fortescue rose with a feeling of oppression. Something horrid was about to happen to him: what was it? Oh, that sad function in Lupus Street. He had breakfast at nine; then he rushed out and walked about till ten. Then he went back to Mrs. Boffin's, and dressed himself in mourning attire. Punctually at five minutes to eleven he was at Mrs. Nicholson's. The hearse was already there, and the one mourning-coach which was to convey him and the sisters to Kensal Green. Why dwell on the sad particulars? The heavy coffin was brought down and placed in the hearse; then Harry and the sisters got into the mourning-coach. They crawled through the streets to Kensal Green in the glare of the June sun. The sullen mutes bore the coffin from the hearse into the chapel. The service was read, and the sisters sobbed the responses. Then all that was mortal of Mrs. Price was borne to the grave in that wilderness of tombstones. The handful of dust fell on the coffin. The three took one last look, and the grave-diggers threw in the heavy clods. Hand-in-hand the sisters stood and gazed down, with Harry by their side.

"It is all over," said Harry; "let us go home."

"Yes, let us go home," said Edith, in an apathetic voice, for she was stunned by sorrow.

When they reached the mourning-coach, Mary threw her arms round her sister and wept, and said:

"Let us never part, Edith."

Edith put her tenderly on one side, and got into the coach first to hide her feelings, for her heart was too full. Harry put Mary in, and got in himself. In another moment the gloomy vehicle was rumbling back on its way to Lupus Street.

When they reached No. —, Harry left them to themselves. "I will come back to see you this afternoon," he said, and he was gone.

When he went back about four o'clock, he found Edith strangely resigned and full of her plans for the future. Almost her first words were:

"I must go back to Blickling directly, and Mary must go to school. On Monday I must see about it."

"It is very soon," said Harry.

"The sooner the better," said Edith. "I will no longer be a burden to you."

"But you are no burden," remonstrated Harry. "It is a pleasure and a duty to help you and your sister."

But for all that he could do or say, Edith was firm, or seemed to be firm, and Harry went away in despair. Before he left, he said:

"You will let me take you to St. Barnabas to-morrow?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," said Edith; and Harry Fortescue left them, feeling more completely wretched than he had ever been in his life.

"She is very hard-hearted, I am afraid," he said. "She might have been a little kinder and stayed in town a little longer."

But Edith Price was not hard-hearted, and she was only so firm because she felt if she gave way an inch she must have yielded altogether. For the first time in her life she

was aware that her respect for Harry Fortescue had melted away into love, and yet she was afraid of him.

"Why are you so afraid of Mr. Fortescue, Edith dear?" said Mary, looking up into her sister's face.

"Because I am afraid of him," said Edith. "He is too good and too kind, and I cannot bear it."

It fortunately happened that the conversation of the sisters was interrupted by Mrs. Nicholson, who insisted on their having a good tea and going to bed soon.

"Mr. Fortescue, when he went away, told me to look after you, Miss Edith, and I mean to do it. What with want of sleep and food you're worn to a shadow."

"How can I sleep or eat," said Edith, "when I have no friends in the world but Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Vernon?"

"I think if I were you, Miss Edith, and I had only one friend in the world, and that friend was Mr. Fortescue, I should be as happy as a queen," said Mrs. Nicholson. And then the good woman went on:

"But my orders is positive. You're to have a good tea and go to bed early, and Mr. Fortescue is coming to see you in the morning, and hopes to find you both much better. Bless my heart alive, if that isn't a pull at the bell. It never can be Mr. Nicholson come to look after 'the bank.'"

With these words Mrs. Nicholson ran down to the door, only to find that the postman had pulled the bell, and to run up again with the letter.

"Fancy my being so scared! But I always am scared a-Saturdays, when I think of Mr. Nicholson. It's only a letter for you, Miss Edith."

"A letter for me!" said Edith. "From whom can it be?" and she opened it mechanically.

Her face showed so much astonishment, that Mary at once wanted to know what it was.

"How ungrateful I was," said Edith, "to say that I had no friends! Here is a letter from that kind Lady Charity, who got me the situation, asking you and me, Mary, to spend a few days with her in London, before I go back to Norfolk."

"O, Edith," said Mary, "I am so glad we shall not be parted, and I shall not go to school yet, and we shall both see Mr. Fortescue."

"Hush!" said Edith; "not so fast, Mary. We will have tea, and go to bed and think of it. I must ask Mr. Fortescue's advice before accepting Lady Charity's very kind invitation."

With this wise resolution, the sisters took some food and went to bed. They felt lonely and wretched, all alone in the house, which, though it had ceased to be the house of mourning, was still so because they had been separated from their mother; but they were worn and weary, and were soon sound asleep, locked in each other's arms.

When Harry Fortescue got home, he, too, was comforted by a letter from Edward, explaining why he could not come to town that day, and give him the benefit of his advice, and ending thus:

"But, after all, it does not much matter, old fellow; for Lady Charity, with her usual kindness, has written to ask the Prices to stay with her a few days before Edith returns to Norfolk, so that we shall have plenty of time to consider what is best to be done for them."

When Harry Fortescue had read as far as this, he threw down the letter, and burst out as so many others had done:

"Why, this dear Lady Charity is a downright angel!"

What he did with himself between Saturday evening and church-time on Sunday is

not known. No doubt he spent it in the way so satisfactory to lovers and so unsatisfactory to the rest of the world in wandering up and down the streets and thinking of Edith Price. But, on Sunday morning, he was in Lupus Street at ten o'clock; and, having run the fire of Mr. Leek's tongue, he was soon after on his way to St. Barnabas, in time for the half-past-ten service. This time, however, the church was so full that they had all to go over to the men's side, and sit together in the side-aisle. It was shame and mortification to the vergers to see the sheep thus mixed with the goats; but he has to bear it every Sunday in June, and perhaps it is one of the trials specially sent to prove his faith.

But, whatever the vergers thought, Harry Fortescue thought it very nice, and—must we own it?—Edith thought it nice, too. She thought it very pleasant to sit, and kneel, and stand side by side with Harry, to bow when he bowed, and to sing out of the same hymn-book. For years the iron had entered into her soul, and now a stronger than iron had cast it out. Love had stolen in, at first as a little fancy, no bigger, and seemingly quite as harmless, as a tiny child. Young ladies say: "Let the boy in, we can always control him; ours are well-regulated minds." But, when he is once in, he grows and grows so fast, the boy is man and master in a week, and carries all before him; and so it was with Edith Price.

We cannot say she was very attentive to her devotions. No woman can do two things at once, whatever men may be able to do. If a woman is in love, she is all in love; and the more she tries not to love, the more she loves. So Edith, when she said her prayers, saw not "Amen" at the end of each of them, but "Harry." Sometimes, too, she saw "Harry" in the middle of them, and, worse than all, at the beginning; and, when the sermon came, and she tried to listen to the preacher, it was all the same. The end and object of his discourse seemed to be the saving grace of faith in Fortescue. Was not that a sad position for a young lady? And how was poor Edith Price either to get love out of her heart, or Harry Fortescue out of her head? So convinced was she of the absurdity of ever attempting to do this that at last she gave up thinking of any thing else, and thought of nothing but Harry Fortescue. Who shall talk of a "well-regulated mind" when one so staid and demure as Edith could offer no resistance to the enemy when he had once thrust one of his tiny feet through the chink in the door of her heart?

It was very pleasant, and they both wished, like Edward Vernon in the Charity box, that the service would last forever. Edith was firmly convinced that she could sit there, soaring up on majestic organ-tones into an elysium in which she might devote herself to contemplation of Harry Fortescue. That you call idolatry; but, in reality, love is nothing but another name for idolatry. It is man and woman worship in its purest form. Sometimes it takes a philosophic shape, and says: "I believe in such and such a one, therefore I am." It refuses even so much as to recognize its own identity save in the object of its affections. Dear me! all this is very silly, but so natural!

So, then, Harry and Edith walked home from St. Barnabas just a fortnight after they had first walked thither, and in that short time love had worked all this havoc in their hearts.

"I have had such a nice, kind letter from Lady Charity," said Edith.

"I know you have," said Harry, almost roughly; "and, of course, you mean to accept the invitation?"

Supposing Edith Price had not been in love with Harry Fortescue, she would have been offended at a speech which was almost

bearish in allowing her no choice of her own. Had she been fancy-free, unfettered, and independent, she would have asserted her dignity and gone down to Norfolk next morning. But we knew that she was not free; she bowed before Harry, and looked on him in her heart already as her lord and master, and so she answered, meekly:

"I will do whatever you advise, Mr. Fortescue."

"If you will take my advice, Edith," said Harry, "you will stay in town."

This he said quite carelessly, as though he were feeling the ground and wishing to see what Edith would say to the liberty. But Edith said nothing to it; she was too far gone already.

"Your advice has always been best for us," said Edith, this time omitting the "Mr. Fortescue."

"Well, then," said Harry, "I suppose we may consider it settled you will stay with Lady Charity. It will give us all time to think."

"It will," said Edith. "Mary and I will stay. How sorry dear Mrs. Nicholson will be to lose us!"

"Every one would be sorry to lose you, Edith," said Harry.

See! he had called her Edith again, without any qualification—plain Edith, bare Edith, call it what you will; and Edith Price accepted it, and said nothing, but she looked full at Harry, and Harry Fortescue for the first time saw, from the joy in her eyes, that Edith Price was in love with him.

He left them at the door, having seen enough, and went home to Mrs. Boffin's a happier man than he had ever felt in his life.

"Why, this is life at last," he said. "If Edward Vernon feels at all like this, he must be happy."

CHAPTER LXI.

IN WHICH ALL FIND THEIR PLACES.

AND now our story has almost come to an end. Like the old year on the 31st of December, there is very little more life left in it. Of course, when Amicia came up to town and found that Lady Charity, her best friend, had actually asked Edith Price, "the dark young lady in the background," to stay with her, she was furious. Lady Charity was a traitor, a renegade, a go-between, and what not. But, you must remember, that she could not say this to Lady Charity herself; and in nothing did Lady Charity more resemble the virtue from which she took her name than in caring nothing for what was said behind her back. Mrs. Crump, indeed, declared, as she brushed my lady's hair, that "Lady Charity's conduct was monstrous—to go and 'arbor a young person like that was 'orrible." But it really mattered very little what Mrs. Crump thought or said; and, though Mrs. Grimalkin held up her hands, or her paws, too, and said it was "shameful, and against all the usages of society," Lady Charity cared nothing for such gossip, for she had many more friends than Mrs. Grimalkin, and all her friends said her conduct was worthy of Charity itself.

But, pray remember, Amicia had an excuse. She really loved Harry Fortescue, and had set her heart, as we have seen, on having him. But, if there is one lesson in life which many if not all of us must learn, it is this: that very often neither men nor women can marry those they love. And so Amicia Sweetapple had to live on, and love on, and bear the blow as she best could. All this happened only in 1870. You may see her about everywhere, as lovely as ever. She is still

under thirty, and, if any young man about or even under that age comes forward, and Amicia likes him as much as she liked—we will not now say "loved"—Harry Fortescue, he may become the husband of a very lovely and charming widow, with a large income all at her own disposal. But then he must not be so silly, or so wise, as to fall in love with an Edith Price, a mere governess, by-the-way.

What do we say to Florry Carlton? Very little. No words of ours can do her any good. To her the blow was much worse than to Amicia. She was tenderer at heart; not so passionate, perhaps, for she was not near thirty, but with far deeper feelings and a less schooled mind. We pity her from the bottom of our hearts. But what can pity do in such a case? It rather adds insult to injury. Even the happiness of her sister, who was married the Christmas after to Edward Vernon, is an eyecore to her; it reminds her how happy she, too, might have been with Harry. Fortunately, she has gone out little since those Ascot Races. Perhaps she may recover, but she will always be one of what used to be called the broken hearts of society. In old times they were broken right in two, and people died of them, but now they can be healed, and some say they are stronger and softer for being broken. All that we know is that every set of china has several cracked plates, so every set in society has such broken hearts, not of women only, but of men. It is a mistake, too, to fancy that men's hearts are not just as brittle as women's; sometimes they are much brittler. But for all these poor things there are consolations and comforts—Time, Religion, Death. Let us leave Florry Carlton to one or all of these, and pass on. We think, whatever Amicia Sweetapple may do, Florence Carlton will never marry. Like a rose cankered in the bud, she will never bloom as a bride. You say: "Never is a long day." So it is. We shall see.

Let us pass on. You have heard nothing as yet of Harry Fortescue and Edith Price. All that remains to be said of them is, that Lady Charity was in possession of Edith's secret before she had stayed with her two days.

"I am sure he does not know it," said Edith. "And then I refused him."

"I am not so sure that he does not know it," said Lady Charity, to whom Harry had already told what he had guessed from Edith's eyes.

Then, like a gossip, as charity often is, Lady Charity went and told Harry; and, more than that, when Harry came she left them together alone, and Harry stayed two hours, and Edith only thought it a quarter of an hour; and the day after he came, and as soon as he saw her he called her "dearest Edith" all at one jump, and proposed and was accepted. "Ah, but you have not told us half enough," some of you will say. Well, if you are so unreasonable and coarse-minded, and seek to pry into the mysteries of Love—for his rites are as mysterious and fortunately far more pure than those of Samothrace—you deserve to be struck blind, and must go to some other work of fiction than this. We tell you that within that week Harry and Edith were engaged to each other, and before the month was out they were married. Whether many clergymen assisted, or the service was "full choral," we cannot say; but we are sure there were no cards, and so that important fact was not put into the advertisement of the ceremony. Edith Price was married from Lady Charity's house, and Mr. Beeswing gave the bride away. We should not wonder if, when old Lady Charity died, she left Mrs. Fortescue all her money. But what you will all of you wonder at, as we wonder at it as we write it, is this: The day before

his marriage Harry Fortescue received a letter from Lord Pennyroyal, in which he simply said that he thought his noble conduct toward the Price family deserved some acknowledgment from those in a position to make it, and so he had sent Harry Fortescue a little present on his marriage. And what do you think it was? Why, a check on Lord Pennyroyal's bankers for ten thousand pounds. This you will all consider, we hope, very handsome; but, before Harry could recover his surprise, which he had not done when he reached Lady Charity's, he found Edith in equal astonishment. Lord Pennyroyal had sent her a little present too, which he said would enable her to maintain her independence, as well as pay for her dress, and that little something was another check for ten thousand pounds. So you are all bound to apologize to Lord Pennyroyal, and to confess with Lady Pennyroyal—who knew him so much better—that, though stingy in small matters, he was a man capable of great acts of generosity. We hope you will none of you think either Harry or Edith proud when we add that they returned both checks to Lord Pennyroyal, expressing their grateful sense of his munificence, which at the same time they felt bound to decline. Since then Harry has been making his way at the "Bar" in spite of the attorney's sons.

The Barkers are still the same loving couple, and the Marjorams rival them in devotion to one another. Since that sudden conversion at Ascot, Mrs. Marjoram has never lapsed; she is too good a Calvinist for that. Mr. Beeswing is as genial and as cheery as ever; and, as for Count Pantouffles, what is there to be said of him but that, if you go any day into the Park between one and two or six and seven, you will see him bowing as exquisitely as ever? He at least knows what he is fit to do, and does it. And so we too make our bow to our gentle readers. If any one asks why some of our characters are left so happy while others remain so wretched, all we can say is that the skein of life is tangled black and white, and as we have found life so we paint it.

THE END.

THE VICEROY OF IRELAND.

ONE of the most difficult offices for a British premier to fill nowadays is the viceregal throne of Ireland. The class of persons who are eligible for the place is composed of those to whom it is no object. When Mr. Gladstone came into office, he was at his wits' ends to find a suitable viceroy, and is under great obligations to Earl Spencer for consenting to fill the post. Lord Spencer is one of the men who, so far as outsiders can judge, was born with a gold spoon richly incrustated with diamonds in his mouth. At twenty-eight he found himself the inheritor of a distinguished title, a peer, a knight of the garter, the husband of a wife so lovely that she has the *sobriquet* of "Spencer's Fairy Queen," the owner of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, with a palace in London and another in the best of hunting-counties.

What could a man want more whose tastes were quiet and whose character is unambitious? What inducement is there for him to go through the boredom of holding the semblance of a court, and its tiresome and often anxious attendant duties? No doubt, he took the office from that sense of duty which, for-

unately, is to be found among a great many of England's hereditary legislators.

In the course of the year the lord-lieutenant has to appear at numbers of public meetings and public dinners, and reply to the stereotyped toast of "The lord-lieutenant, and prosperity to Ireland," which, unfortunately, never is prosperous.

In making this speech he must use great caution, for there are about fifty different parties, lay and clerical, in Ireland, on whose toes, chronically and acutely sensitive, his excellency has to avoid treading, so that these official orations are by no means an easy business.

He has two residences—"the Castle," of which we read so much in Mr. Lever's novels, and the Viceregal Lodge, Phoenix Park. The former is a gloomy structure in the heart of Dublin, surrounded by the government-offices. Very little of the original structure remains, and what there is of it, "the Birmingham Tower," is occupied as a muniment-office, where the records, most admirably arranged, are deposited, under the care of Sir Bernard Burke, the compiler of the British and Irish bible, familiarly known as the peerage. Approaching the castle, as the great scattered range of buildings is called, which is reached by a short, steep ascent, you pass on your right the guard-house, where you will see a number of soldiers and officers lounging about. Ascending the stairs, you will be likely to find, about seven o'clock, a jolly party in a great, bare room, whose white walls are frescoed by various officers in her majesty's guards who have a taste for the limner's art. There is a coach-and-four there, notably well done by a captain in the Scots Fusilier Guards, who is himself a master of the art of "tooling a team." His grandfather kept a book-stall on a bridge in Dublin, while his father is a peer, and he himself an M. P., and lord-lieutenant of a county. But let us get on to his excellency's quarters. There are private and state apartments. We pass to the latter, and, entering a capacious hall, proceed up a broad staircase, and find ourselves in a vestibule, whence we enter St. Patrick's Hall, a very large, lofty, but by no means superb apartment, well provided with an ornamentation of harp, shamrock, etc. A good deal of the decoration appears to consist of gilded "A's" in various tortuous forms, which owe their existence to a desire of the Duke of Abercorn to perpetuate the memory of his magnificent reign, a proceeding which drew a caustic commentary from a young cornet in gorgeous uniform who observed, anent the prominence of this cipher, to his friend (as we stood beside him at a St. Patrick's ball), "What cheek!" Turning out of the hall, we get into a long suite of handsome rooms including the throne-room. Here his excellency takes his stand on presentation-days, kisses the ladies presented to him, and bows to the gentlemen.

The degree of splendor with which entertainments are carried on varies very much according to the taste and purse of individual viceroys. The lord-lieutenant receives twenty thousand pounds a year, and certain allowances, making altogether a sum equivalent

to twenty-five thousand pounds a year, but he often spends another twenty thousand pounds of his own as well.

The reign of the late viceroy, the Duke of Abercorn, was one of quite exceptional splendor. His equipages and horses far surpassed those of royalty, and, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales going in state to Puncetown races, the *cortège* of the viceregal party outdid any thing of the kind in England or Ireland. Indeed, such was the magnificence of the Abercorn administration, that a celebrity said the man he pitied was the viceroy whose lot it should be to succeed his grace in office.

Lord Spencer—wealthy and childless—well sustains the part, and can much better, than his princely predecessor, with ten children, afford to do so. To Lord Spencer have descended a goodly share of the "pickings" of that eminently accumulative personage, old Duchess Sarah of Marlborough, which amounted to the comfortable little sum of five million dollars.

The viceregal lodge stands in that most splendid recreation-ground, the Phoenix Park. It is not at all grand, but commodious and charmingly placed, commanding a delightful view of the Wicklow "Sugar-Loaf" Mountains. Extensive and admirably-kept gardens and grounds, which are strictly private, surround it, and the whole is carefully guarded by a detachment of the "A" division of the Dublin metropolitan police, just as Queen Victoria's palaces are watched by the same division of the London police.

Both at "the Castle" and at "the Lodge" the viceroy entertains constantly. In the winter there is a regular season, from January to March, when his dinners and dances follow in quick succession. From April to August, he lives quietly, generally spending a part of the time in London, but, on his return in the last-named month, there is generally a pretty constant flow of hospitality to distinguished strangers, parties of gentlemen cricketers, who play on the splendid viceregal ground, etc. It is said that viceroys who begin by disliking their work, generally end, if they stay some time, by becoming fond of it, and unquestionably Lord Carlisle, so well known in this country, thoroughly enjoyed the post; but, if a man is to be judged by his looks, the present holder certainly does not. Lord Carlisle was a bachelor, of highly-intellectual tastes; and, having found a few congenial spirits in certain ripe scholars, lovers of literature and art in Dublin, made himself perfectly happy in his viceregal home.

Although the Chief Secretary for Ireland is, according to official forms, merely the chief secretary of the lord-lieutenant, he is, in fact, a political officer of higher importance than the viceroy himself, being nearly always a member of the cabinet, whereas the viceroy is not. Still the patronage is vested in the lord-lieutenant, and he has a powerful voice in the executive government. In former days the lord-lieutenant was frequently absent for months together, and, indeed, one or two appointees to the office never took the trouble to go to the seat of their supposed

government state; but that has long since been changed, and the lord-lieutenant is now in Ireland ten months in the year, generally. When he leaves it, "lords-justices," usually the commander of the forces, and one or two more high officials, are sworn in to act in his absence.

LAURENCE.

I.

HE came in the glory of summer; in the terror of summer he went:

Like a blossom the breezes have wafted; like a bough that the tempest has rent.

His blue eyes unclosed in the morning, his brown eyes were darkened at morn;
And the durance of pain could not banish the beauty wherewith he was born.

He came—can we ever forget it, while the years of our pilgrimage roll?—

He came in thine anguish of body, he passed 'mid our anguish of soul.

II.

He brought us a pride and a pleasure, he left us a pathos of tears:

A dream of impossible futures, a glimpse of uncalendared years.

His voice was a sweet inspiration, his silence a sign from afar;

He made us the heroes we were not, he left us the cowards we are.

For the moan of the heart follows after his clay, with perpetual dole,

Forgetting the torture of body is lost in the triumph of soul.

III.

A man in the world of his cradle, a sage in his infantine lore,

He was brave in the might of endurance, was patient—and who can be more?

He had learned to be shy of the stranger, to welcome his mother's warm kiss,

To trust in the arms of his father—and who can be wiser than this?

The lifetime we thought lay before him, already was rounded and whole,

In dainty completeness of body and wondrous perfection of soul.

IV.

The newness of love at his coming, the freshness of grief when he went,

The pitiless pain of his absence, the effort at argued content,

The dim eye forever retracing the few little footprints he made,

The quick thought forever recalling the visions that never can fade—

For these but one comfort, one answer, in faith's or philosophy's roll:

Came to us for a pure little body, went to God for a glorified soul.

ROBERT JOHNSON.

TABLE-TALK.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT, having been "interviewed," has given to the world, if we may trust the interviewer's report, his ideas of dramatic art. They are not notably new, nor so profoundly philosophical as the dramatist would appear to imagine; they are, in the main, an attempted justification of his own dramatic career, and are worthy of consideration solely because of their frank depreciation of the taste and intellectual capacity of the public. That theatre-goers often give prolonged support to dramas that, as strictly literary or artistic performances, are quite worthless, is a fact no one would have the hardihood to dispute; but that the average taste and appreciation of the public have declined since what are called the "palmy days of the drama," is a common assumption by no means so easy to establish. "In olden times," Mr. Boucicault tells us, "real life was comparatively quiet, and people went to the theatre for excitement and for elevation of thought; but now the existence of every day is so feverish that people attend the theatre, not for excitement, but relief from it; not to think, but to escape thinking." It may be safely asserted that people, as a class, have never gone to the theatre for "elevation of thought," and that theatre-going under any social condition has never been a strictly intellectual entertainment—at least not in England, where the classical drama has never been a favorite. There is no special thinking involved in the entertainment, even if the play is Shakespeare's and the artists the most consummate on the stage. The interest of the theatre to the great majority of the auditors lies in its power to awaken emotions, to stir the imagination, to excite the fancy, to arouse the sympathies, to bring into play a host of faculties likely in the ordinary duties of life to lie fallow. The real essence of a play is art rather than literature. The opera is claimed by some people to be a higher order of entertainment than the theatre; and yet music is even more essentially emotional, more rigidly limited to the senses, than the drama, and hence the assumption so often made of superior tone in the lyrical stage is logically unsupported. People in the olden times, who were without newspapers and general literature, no doubt were more patient at the theatre than they are now, doubtless enjoyed poetical speeches better than we do, and were content to let the play proceed more slowly, with fuller attention to details and to development of character. But the plays, even of Shakespeare, are tumultuous and picturesque, and as abundantly supplied with "situation" as most of our modern dramas. And there never was a time when Shakespeare was better appreciated than now. Look at the history of the London theatres during the best days of Garrick, Kemble, and

Kean. Those great actors were continually compelled to appear in characters far below the level of those played by actors of corresponding rank at present. Mr. Booth, for instance, confines himself almost exclusively to Shakespearian parts, while even the elder Kean could prostrate his talents to such a bombastic piece of absurdity as "Orinoko." The people of an earlier period did like poetry on the stage, but what sort of poetry was most of it? Let the skeptic go back and read some of the tragedies produced in the "palmy days" of which we hear so much. What inflation and bombast! What extravagance and rant! What turgid sentiment! The fact is, tastes have changed rather than depreciated, gaining something in one direction, and losing a little in another. Many of Mr. Boucicault's own plays, sharply criticised as they are, come nearer to the modesty of Nature, have more refinement of sentiment, present more pleasing and wholesome pictures of character, are constructed with nicer regard to the laws of art, than half the pompous plays of the legitimate school. Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault signalized their return to this country by appearing at Booth's Theatre in the play of "Arrah na Pogue." Now, wherein is not the so-called sensational and melodramatic part of Shaun, played by the author himself, far superior in every moral and artistic sense to the rant of Pescara, to the fustian of Rolla, the frenzy of Bertram, the bombast of Damon, the exaggerated passion of Mortimer or Overreach, or the affected sentiment and stilted phrases of a host of other heroes of the legitimate drama? It is true the old blank-verse plays did not employ machinery for their situations and catastrophes; and the old comedies depended on character for their humor; but the extravagant hairbreadth escapes and picturesque adventures which Boucicault and his class are so fond of are trivial faults compared to the utterly false sentiment and high-wrought passion of the old plays. Our artistic sense is so much keener than it was in the olden times that we exact closer fidelity to Nature, moderate and rational passion, adequate motive, and a delineation of the nicer shades of sentiment. Robertson's comedies are superior to most of those that have come down to us—as much superior to every cultivated sense as a violet or a rose-bud is to a peony. The rankness of the old style, its burly and blustering love-making, the violence and fume of its passion, are foreign to our more reticent age. Comedy formerly was written to fit the characters of public favorites in the company; and its success at the time mainly depended on certain whimsicalities which the leading comedians were noted for. Any thing so fine as some of Robertson's comedies, so truthful and natural in story, so delicate in sentiment, so refined in character, so simple in incident, was never imagined in the "good old times" when people went to the theatre

"for elevation of thought." We have many wretchedly poor plays nowadays, but the wretchedly poor plays of the last generation are, for the most part, forgotten, and our better productions are in all right and worthy conditions superior as pictures of manners. The much-regretted old comedy that gave elevation of thought was full of rose-water sentiment, whimsical characteristics rather than characters, stilted language, open immorality, but, it must be confessed, was rich with a certain mellow, crusty humor which we have lost. Jefferson's delicate naturalness is different from Munden's broad mirth, but not inferior; Robertson's quiet dialogues have none of the burly wit of the last century, but possess a naturalness and grace that are born of a far subtler art.

— Nothing more forcibly strikes the foreign sojourner in Berlin than the universal intelligence of the lower classes of that city. Your cabman speaks to you—if you can but comprehend him—in perfectly correct and grammatical German; your washer-woman's bill is a model of neat and handsome penmanship and correct spelling; your wife's seamstress is able to discuss the latest publications, the views in the political and fashionable world, and examines the books on the table with a critically-experienced eye. To be sure, this universal intelligence has a tendency to make the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" somewhat arrogant; and, by the law of compensation, the caddy and the washer-woman make up for the absence of ignorance by a pertness and independence of manner which are to be met with, to an equal degree, in no other European capital. Yet the fact that they can all read, write, and cipher, brings the results of the Prussian educational system more vividly to the mind than any other fact could—unless it were the effect of it seen in the army. The Prussian state has long made equality of intelligence—as far as schooling can effect it—a compulsory matter. All children, as soon as they get out of their frocks, must go to school; and the state prescribes when that shall be. The failure of any child to attend school is punished vicariously in the person of the parent, who is fined by an ascending scale of penalties, and, if he or she proves still obdurate, is incontinently thrown into prison. Indeed, Fatherland assumes a rather more than patriarchal authority over its children from the moment that they are able to lisp its guttural alphabet until they are in the forties; for, taking them at the tender age of dawning intelligence, it makes them submit to the pedagogue's rule till they are large enough to become a certain numerical figure in a certain numerical regiment; and in this vague identity a man may be compelled to remain, if Fatherland so chooses, from seventeen to forty-two. A recent report of the Berlin schools for 1871 gives some interesting figures, and betrays the fact that one-ninth

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of the total population of Berlin attends school with military regularity. Over ninety-three thousand scholars were reported for that year, the number of schools being two hundred and eighteen, and under the supervision of sixty-one male and one hundred and thirty-seven female teachers, and five hundred and sixty-six ushers, or sub-teachers. The salaries of these instructors, who are official personages, would amaze the young gentlemen and ladies who undertake schools during the winter season in our own rural districts. The highest pay for head-masters is about seven hundred dollars a year; the salaries range from this figure to three hundred dollars, which is the amount received by the junior ushers; while the female teachers receive stipends ranging from three hundred to two hundred and twenty-five. The Berlin schools are furthermore provided with two hundred sewing-teachers, having salaries of fifty-five dollars a year, and fifteen assistants at forty-five dollars. It costs Berlin about half a million dollars a year to support her schools, which is cheap, especially when it is considered how thorough and substantial an education is thus imparted. It is interesting to be told that the parents of Berlin contributed, during 1871, about seven thousand dollars to the public treasury in the way of fines, while over fifteen hundred papas and mammas were imprisoned for not compelling Fritz and Gretchen to go to school, and keeping them there.

— More and more every year does the East call upon the West to witness its rapid growth and crescent prosperity. The maxim that "Westward the star of empire takes its way," must find its limit at last; it looks as if the empire of commerce at least would, in no long time, once more find its seat in what we are wont to regard as the far Orient. Asia and the Australasian islands seem determined to prove that they do not propose to yield as yet to young republics in the setting sun. The progress of China and Japan in modern arts and ideas is a fact which thrusts itself upon us with every mail which reaches us from those antique lands; and the splendid results of British enterprise in India are appearing just at a time when people are beginning to doubt whether the British dominion over India has not entered upon its period of decay. India has, in recent years, begun to add new sources of wealth to the world's commerce. Camels'-hair shawls and Golconda diamonds, beautifully-worked fabrics and delicious fruits and spices, treasures of temples and of mines, no longer constitute even her chief claim to the admiring consideration of mankind. In the cultivation of coffee she is beginning to rival Java, Mocha, and Jamaica; in that of tea, China; in that of cotton, our own Southern States; in that of silk and its manufacture, Lyons and Hong-Kong. Her exports of teas, which are grown along the mountain-slopes of Kangra and

Looshai, have increased tenfold in as many years, and have now reached a value of some \$5,500,000; the exports of silk have doubled in the same period, and the same may be said of cotton, dyes, and coffee, while the exports of hides and skins have tripled. Fifty million dollars' worth of opium is sent from Bengal and Bombay annually; and the increased value of the sugar, the wool, the seeds, of jute and its manufactured products, proves that the advance continues to be made along "the whole line." The total of Indian exports, which was \$175,000,000 in 1862, reached \$270,000,000 in 1871. The English claim that this material improvement in their splendid Oriental possession has been accompanied by a corresponding economic, sanitary, and moral improvement, of which a rose-colored impression is given by the reports of the Indian Government. The building of canals has, it is said, in a measure checked the ravages of fever, which finds a congenial home in a country at once hot and moist, and amid a slovenly race; and the cultivation of the cinchona-plant, which is regarded as the best febrifuge, has been directly encouraged by the authorities. The building of railways and the establishment of schools are now occupying the attention of the viceregal government, and much is hoped from these agents of civilization.

— We have made frequent mention of late of Japan, and of the wonderful social and political revolution of which it has been the theatre during the past few years. It is doubtful if such a phenomenon was ever before presented since mankind first instituted a civil polity. But, extraordinary as have been the developments thus far among this people, we are now to chronicle one still more surprising, and one which possibly may be attended with far greater results than any which have preceded it. The mikado, or rather the tenno, which is his proper title, has determined to promulgate a new religion, which will be at once "enlightened, simple, and adapted to common-sense," and to which all classes will be obliged to conform. The creed, we are told, is to be drawn up "after careful consultation with the exponents of each sect." Whether this has reference only to the sects belonging to Japan, or whether the creeds of the outer world are to be examined before the fiat of selection goes forth, we are not informed. The Synsiu faith is properly the indigenous religion of the country, having existed from remote antiquity; but the doctrines of Confucius and of Buddha have each a large following. Von Siebold says the lower classes are Buddhists; the higher orders are secretly Confucianists, professing to respect Synsiu, but avowedly despising Buddhism. Of the ancient religion we know but little; Buddhism is essentially idolatrous; and Confucianism is little more than a code of moral ethics, scarcely rising to the dignity of a religion. Each of these beliefs has had

much influence on the others, which has resulted in a number of sects in each, whose faith consists of various shades of compromise between the three. According to the observations of later writers, the educated classes are generally rationalists and skeptics, who scoff at the doctrine of the soul's immortality, and believe that there is no future after death. The tenno has been remarkably successful hitherto in moulding his people to his own advanced ideas, but we fear that in his new effort he is attempting a problem more difficult of solution than any he has yet essayed. To prescribe a creed or a form of worship, seems reasonable enough in Japan, where the sovereign is regarded as an incarnate deity, but it is not an easy matter to make the entire people conform to it. If the tenno succeed, however, he will accomplish a revolution even greater than any that has yet occurred in Japan, where the changes of the last ten years have been unparalleled in history.

— Surely no incident could more conclusively establish the common origin of the two nations who have just settled their disputes at Geneva, than the prandial character those deliberations assumed. The incisive Chancellor of the University of Oxford lately defined a trustee as a luncheon-eating animal, and surely an arbitrator may justly come under the definition of a dinner-eating one. If we were kept completely in the dark as to the political issues of the deliberations while they were in progress, we at all events had the gratification of knowing that the relations between the arbitrating powers must be tolerably good, for each day there ran through the Atlantic tidings of how Evarts had dined with Roundell Palmer, or Cushing had drunk his claret with Cockburn, or all had danced at Mrs. Bancroft Davis's. So infectious did these hospitable doings become, that even the Swiss authorities couldn't resist the temptation, and entertained everybody in the arbitrating line very handsomely at Berne; in fact, *magnum est prandium et prevalebit* may be regarded as the adage for arbitrators. Poor Mr. Reverdy Johnson, sniffing the sauces of the Beaurivage and the bouquet of its choicest Romanée Conti in his mind's, or perhaps we should rather say palate's eye, must have been reduced to a condition of envious melancholy on reading of these feasts.

— "Cruelty to immigrants" cases are again cropping up, and will, we trust, receive the fullest investigation. They usually occur on board sailing-vessels; and the misery which may be inflicted on wretched beings, who, at the best, have a hard time of it, is, under these circumstances, terrible. It may appear strange that captains and officers should dare to run such risks, but the truth is they trade on the expectation that the immigrants, too thankful at getting ashore, will fear either the trouble or expense attendant

on taking proceedings. It would be well if an *affiche* could be placed prominently in various parts of these ships, stating that, while strongly deprecating unnecessary complaints, the commissioners are prepared, without putting complainants to the smallest expense, thoroughly to investigate all charges. The commissioners could probably arrange for such notices by communicating with the principal owners of immigrant-ships. In England and in the Australian colonies so rigorous a strictness prevails, under various imperial and colonial acts of Parliament, in reference to emigrants, that serious and well-sustained charges of misconduct and ill-treatment have become exceedingly rare.

Scientific Notes.

THE controversy, between several of the English scientific societies and the officials who have the direction of certain of the quasi-scientific departments of the general government, is at present being waged with renewed warmth and bitterness. While the questions at issue are of such a character as to worthily elicit for their contemporaries the sympathy and support of the scientific world, they also involve certain general principles of government of sufficient importance to command the thoughtful attention of our own legislators and their constituencies. It appears that, in the year 1840, the private Botanic Gardens at Kew, which had until that date been in the possession of the royal family, were handed over by the queen to the State. This gift was accepted by the proper authorities, and, in accordance with a report from a legally-constituted commission, it was decreed that the gardens should be enlarged and maintained as a national scientific establishment, which should form a centre for the reception and distribution of the useful vegetable products of the United Kingdom and its colonies, "and as a means of augmenting the national pleasure, increasing the knowledge and refining the tastes of the English public." For the furtherance of this most worthy purpose, the late Sir William Hooker, at the time Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow, was appointed to the superintendency of the gardens, with the title Director of Kew, a position for which his learning, culture, and zeal, rendered him eminently fitted. At the death of Sir William, which occurred after twenty-five years of ceaseless and self-sacrificing service, the position of director was tendered to his son and former assistant, Dr. Joseph Hooker, than whom a more worthy, efficient, or zealous officer, never graced the councils of any state. Were testimony needed as to the capacity of the director or the wisdom of his administration, the names of Darwin, Lyell, Tyndall, Huxley, Rawlinson, and many others, are already at his service, together with the rolls of a score or more of scientific societies both at home and abroad. It thus appears that, by a free act of Parliament, and with a full knowledge of the demands as well as purposes of such an institution, the English Government resolved to accept the queen's gift, thus committing themselves to the proper maintenance of a *special scientific establishment*; and moreover that, while under the untrammelled direction of educated and trained scientists, the institution prospered beyond the most sanguine hopes of its founders. Although essentially a scientific institution, the Kew

Gardens, as the property of the general government, must needs be placed under the nominal control of one of the established departments, in this case the Board of Works. As seems inevitable in a representative government, a change in the administration brought with it a change in the direction of the subordinate departments, and a Mr. Ayrton, former member of Parliament, and a man whose antecedents would seem to have eminently unfitted him for a position of such honor and responsibility, is duly installed as First Commissioner of Works. One of the first official acts of this new man was to send an insolent reprimand to the Director of Kew. "This first reprimand of his life," we read, "was, moreover, due, not to any fault of his, but arose entirely from the First Commissioner's own misconception." So unjust and humiliating was the action of his official head, that Dr. Hooker, after repeated and respectful, though unavailing, protests, turned with reluctance to the Lord of the Treasury, the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone; and this protest, supplemented by a second, signed by England's most distinguished scientists, has at last been submitted to the consideration of Parliament. We have chosen to present the history of this controversy at so great length, because we believe, as before stated, that it involves questions of more than local interest. We are aware that there are in this country many intelligent and thoughtful men who believe that Congress should confine its legislation to the enactment and enforcement of such laws only as the safety of the State and the protection of its citizens demand, leaving it for societies, corporations, or individuals, to further the interests of art, religion, and science. As for the first two, we are also of the opinion that diversity of taste and creed justifies the principle of non-interference; but, regarding the more important of the scientific questions, there is room for argument, since they are often so intimately connected with the prosperity of individuals as to be worthy of consideration by the State. For instance, botany and meteorology, with their application in agriculture and commerce; astronomy, as relating to the safety of our merchant marine; geology, with mining, etc., each seems to be worthy of the nation's fostering care. If this be not the case, then let us close our observatories and signal-stations, seal the doors of our agricultural and mining bureaus, and disband our geological and coast survey, leaving it for the farmer, ship-master, and miner, to get their information as best they can. But if, on the other hand, the results bear out the opinion that national prosperity and enlightenment are favored by the establishment and maintenance of these special scientific departments, then let them be placed under the direction and control of educated and trained scientists, with such rank and emolument as shall secure the highest service, and protect the incumbent from the ignorant interference and petty insults of officials, who, by the grace of a narrow-minded constituency and the potency of a wide-mouthed purse, find themselves too often above their betters without brains enough to know it. Fortunately, in our own country, wise counsels have thus far prevailed, and Americans have just reasons for pride and congratulation; but, as there is nothing assured without enactment, let the possibility of a national disgrace be averted by such legislative actions as shall secure to these men of science, who may be called to render service as government officials, the rank, respect, and emolument, which the nature of their service and the quality of their attainments justly merit.

The summit of Gray's Peak, Colorado, was lately the scene of an interesting and significant ceremony, in the nature of a formal christening of Gray's and Torrey's Peaks. The citizens, whose names and services were thus gracefully recognized, were Professor Asa Gray, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Dr. John Torrey, of the United States Assay Office, New York. We learn, from the *Colorado Miner*, that when the party, composed mainly of citizens of Georgetown, Colorado, and numbering among their honored guests Professor Gray and wife, Professor C. C. Parry, of St. Louis, B. S. King, of New York, and others, reached the summit of the peak, Professor Gray was greeted with a pleasing surprise in the shape of a formal welcome extended to him in behalf of the company by Colonel J. H. McMurdy, of Colorado. In the course of his address, Colonel McMurdy stated that this famous mountain had been called Gray's Peak, in 1862, by Professor Parry, who, at the same time, named the adjacent summit Torrey's Peak, and that attempts had recently been made to change these names, with no apparent or worthy reason. He stated that our army and navy were thus represented, together with explorers and clergymen, in Pike's Peak, Sherman, McCleanan, and Beecher's Mountains and that our scientific men had equal claims. and that there were none more worthy of the honor than Professor Gray and Dr. Torrey. It is safe to say that the views thus publicly expressed will meet with the hearty indorsement of our Eastern readers. Regarding Gray's Peak, the seal has been set, and it remains but for the citizen-traveller and the government authorities to recognize the justice of the claim to secure to the sister peak the name of Torrey. Were the decision left to his associates in science, the result would be in nowise doubtful; and yet, if continued, earnest, and devoted service is to be considered, Dr. Torrey has claims for public recognition which may not be worthily overlooked in an opportunity like this. Those who are familiar with the relation of intimacy, akin to brotherly affection, which has long existed between these two men, first as teacher and pupil, and now as co-laborers in the same departments of science, will not be surprised to learn that, in his reply to the address of welcome, Professor Gray "seemed to be much more solicitous about the honor of his friend Dr. Torrey than about his own." May we not now hope to see on the next "official" document, whether it be a report, survey, or map, the names, "Gray's" and "Torrey's" Peaks, recorded and sealed?

From a paper by Professor W. D. Gunning, on "The Past and Future of Niagara," which appeared in the September number of THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, we condense the following interesting information: The great lakes have an area of ninety thousand square miles, and, exclusive of Ontario, contain about nine thousand eight hundred cubic miles of water—nearly half the fresh water on the globe. Eighteen million cubic feet of water pass over the Niagara Falls every minute; and all the water of these upper lakes makes the circuit of the falls, the St. Lawrence, the ocean, vapor, rain, and back to the lakes again, in one hundred and fifty-two years. From its exit through the Niagara River there have been diverted, by the Michigan Canal to the Illinois River, the Welland Canal to Lake Ontario, and the Erie Canal to the Hudson, fifty-two thousand cubic feet per minute—an amount so insignificant, when compared with the main outflow, as to be hardly appreciable. From a careful comparison of the present brink with

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that assigned to it in the map of 1842 it appears that, during the last thirty years, the falls have receded but fifteen feet—an average rate of six inches a year. From the old Suspension Bridge three geologic systems can be seen on the banks of the river. The lowest of these is a red-mottled, shaly sandstone, the *Medina sandstone*; overlying this, and having the same dip, is a thin group of green shale and gray limestone, forming the *Clinton Group*; while a second layer of dark shale and a thick band of gray limestone mark the topmost layer, the two forming the well-known *Niagara Group*. Should the river confine itself to its present channel, these lower strata, having a dip to the southward, will gradually disappear below the level of the river, and the falls, as predicted by Lyell and Hall, will dwindle away into a succession of cascades and rapids. From a careful survey of the ground, however, Professor Gunning is of the opinion that the course of the river will be changed, and that both the American and Horseshoe Falls will move *eastward*, in which case they will cut, not *with* the dip, as at present, but *across* it; and, by the present rate of recession, the river must continue its work of excavation for eighty thousand years before the shale will disappear under the bed of the river, and the limestone form the entire precipice.

A striking fact, illustrated by recent efforts to establish schools of science in Japan, is, that the professors have to contend with an opposing force similar, in general character, to that which has so long hindered the work of Christian enlightenment among these semi-civilized nations of the East. This force is the power of old prejudice and education. As these people have a theology of their own, complete and ancient, so they have a system of science, founded, it is true, on superstition, but a system, nevertheless, which must first be demolished before the new foundations can be laid. As illustrating this truth, Professor Griffiths, formerly a professor in the Iowa "School Laboratory of Physical Science," and now at the head of the chemical laboratory at Fukuwi, Japan, writes that, "in teaching physical science in Japan, one has need to begin at the lowest foundation to demonstrate every thing, and to clear away much rubbish of astrology, Chinese notions of philosophy, falsely so called, etc." It is gratifying to learn, however, that, by the aid of attractive experiments and illustrations, the interest in modern science is advancing; and that in the laboratory in Fukuwi, established but a year since, sixty students attend daily lectures on chemistry and physics, twelve of whom actually practise in the laboratory. In addition to this laboratory, there are two others in a flourishing condition, both under the direction of German professors, while a third is contemplated at Yeddo.

The early founders of the city of Chicago were fortunate in the choice of its site, and the forces of Nature seem in league with the energy and enterprise of its citizens. It now appears that the plain—once a swamp—on which the city is built lies directly over a subterranean reservoir of clear, cool water, the supply of which seems unlimited. Already twenty-one artesian wells have been sunk within the city limits, from each of which flows an abundance of fresh, pure water. Several of these wells have a greater yield than the famous Grenelle well, in the suburbs of Paris, the flow from which averages five hundred and sixteen gallons a minute. The average depth of the Chicago wells is between twelve and thirteen hundred feet; and the expense of a twelve-

hundred-foot well, having a diameter of five and one-half inches, is six thousand dollars, or five thousand dollars where the diameter is four and one-half inches. The upward pressure of these natural fountains ranges from twenty-two to thirty-five pounds per square foot, which is sufficient to force the stream one hundred feet above the surface of the plain. The bore of the South-Park well is but three and one-half inches, and its depth is sixteen hundred and forty feet. Though in depth it exceeds the average, yet the decrease in diameter is followed by a decrease in the flow proportionately greater than that from the larger wells—a singular fact, the cause of which is yet to be demonstrated.

The late Professor Faraday, who began life as an errand-boy in the service of Mr. Riebau, bookseller, in Blandford Street, London, was the distinguished recipient, before his death, of ninety-five titles and marks of merit, including those of Chevalier of the Prussian Order of Merit, Commander of the Legion of Honor, all the medals at the disposal of the Royal Society, and the Blue Ribbon of Science, as one of the eight foreign associates of the French Academy. So universal was the recognition of his distinguished services, that it is stated that the celebrated electrician, P. Riess, of Berlin, once addressed a long letter to him as "Professor Michael Faraday, Member of all Academies of Science, London." Since his death, which occurred on the 25th of August, 1867, at the age of seventy-five, a Faraday memorial is to be erected in London: a Faraday scholarship has been founded by the Chemical Society; and one of the new streets in Paris has been named in his honor Rue Faraday; and as his latest biographer, Professor Gladstone, tells us, "successive books have told the story of his life and work; and in a thousand hearts there is embalmed the memory of this Christian gentleman and philosopher."

The chemist, jeweller, and glass-blower, are aware of the value, for laboratory and working purposes, of a steady and constant blow-pipe flame, and will therefore be directly interested in the announcement that a simple and effective method for obtaining this has lately been proposed by certain German chemists. Into the cork of an ordinary wide-mouthed bottle, or into any other suitable air-chamber, two tubes are inserted, the one connecting directly with the bellows, and the other leading to the blow-pipe tube. This latter connection is made through four pieces of India-rubber tubing, separated by three pieces of glass or metal pipe, which had been previously drawn down to a fine point at each end. It is in the use of these tubes, with fine orifices, that the novelty and value of the device consist, as it is found that the unsteady flow of air from the chamber is regulated in its passage through these openings, finally emerging from the pipe in a constant and regular blast.

Whatever may be the opinion of rival newspaper correspondents or over-zealous German geographers, the candid reader will join with us in extending to Mr. Stanley and the journal he represents our hearty congratulation on the success of the expedition sent into Africa for the express purpose of discovering the whereabouts of Dr. Livingstone. The recognition of Mr. Stanley's claims, so long deferred by Dr. Livingstone's own countrymen, has at last appeared, and the "enterprising American," whose "ability and pluck" Dr. Carpenter, in his inaugural address, was constrained to acknowledge, has been made the honored re-

cipient of royal favor in the form of a letter from her majesty, accompanied by a magnificent snuffbox, richly set in brilliants. This communication was addressed by Lord Granville to Mr. H. M. Stanley, the special correspondent of the *New-York Herald*, and reads as follows:

"FOREIGN OFFICE, August 27, 1872.

"SIR: I have great satisfaction in conveying to you, by command of the queen, her majesty's high appreciation of the prudence and zeal which you have displayed in opening communication with Dr. Livingstone, and so relieving her majesty from the anxiety which, in common with her subjects, she had felt in regard to the fate of that distinguished traveller. The queen desires me to express her thanks for the service you have thus rendered, together with her majesty's congratulations on your having so successfully carried out the mission which you so fearlessly undertook. Her majesty also desires me to request your acceptance of the memorial which accompanies this letter."

Miscellany.

Cigars in France.

THE manufacture of cigars in France is a government monopoly, and great care is used to obtain good tobacco. That grown on the most celebrated estates in Cuba is imported and stored in large cellars, darkened, and of constantly equal temperature. Not only are the bales wrapped in strong cloth, but within is a layer of palm-leaves, from which the bunches of tobacco are carefully removed, shaken out, and dipped in pure water. When they are sufficiently softened, old and skilful work-women examine them, remove the stalks, and sort them according to their fineness, color, and preservation. It is for them to decide what shall be placed in the interior or exterior of a cigar: silent, bending over their baskets, they study each leaf separately by smell, touch, and sight, with the most minute attention. The chosen specimens having neither too harsh a texture nor too strongly-developed veins, are rolled together by a machine, and preserved for the outside. Those for the inside present more difficulties. There is no doubt that the climate of Havana, at once warm and damp, has a direct influence on the tobacco, and communicates to it peculiar qualities. This it is attempted to imitate by placing that chosen for the inside in presses in a large room, where a jet of vapor gives the necessary moisture and heat. A lamp is required to see this room, as the light of day is found to be injurious, that of the sun fatal. When this fermentation is ended, the leaves are passed on to the makers.

These are always women: each has before her a roll of leaves, the broken bits, a pot of glue, a knife, and a plate of zinc, in which is a hole the exact shape of the cigar to be made. The morsels are taken up, arranged so that they are perfectly even, and with the palm of her hand she rolls them in a leaf of second-rate goodness. One of those of the best quality is taken from the roll, cut into a strip, and, with much precaution, wrapped round and gummed lightly at the extremity, to prevent its being untwisted; the end is cut by an instrument, and the operation is ended. A clever work-woman, in her day of ten hours, can make from ninety to a hundred of the choicest kind; the commoner are done at the rate of three hundred. The women are well paid; but, as the most rigorous silence is enforced, it cannot be supposed that they enjoy it. Indeed, it is

a marvel that some hundreds of women can be together without talking, and, when the clock marks the hour for rest, the animation becomes considerable.

The cigars, after being dried, are tested one by one as to their weight and size, and shut up in a drying-room for six months, to lose what little humidity they may have; if for a year, it is all the better for the public. When they come out, they are divided according to a certain mode of selection, tied into packets, placed in boxes, sealed, stamped, and sent to the place where they are to be sold. The best are put into boxes of cedar-wood, a steam-saw being used to cut the odorous trunks from the Antilles and South America into thin boards. The perfume is said to have a good effect on the cigars. At one time it was found impossible to procure as good cigars as the best sent from Havana; notwithstanding every precaution, the tobacco sent was not equal to the sample; fraud every day increased, and threatened to ruin the commerce. The director-general proposed that special persons should be established in Cuba to buy the best cigars that could be produced on the spot, and send them safely without adulteration, or undue use of the public money, which in this case would amount to thousands of pounds. The minister of state hesitated to grant such a request. "What agents can you propose," he said, "who could be trusted with such large sums, and be proof against temptation?" The director replied: "The engineers who leave the Polytechnic School." The minister bowed: "With them there is nothing to fear," and signed the order. The necessary arrangements in Cuba were made, and the sale of cigars in the last ten years has increased to three times the amount. Above two million francs' worth are now sold in a year at the two special shops in Paris.

The cigars thus bought come exclusively from the *Vegas* and *Vuelta de Abajo*, which are to tobacco what the estates of Johannesburg and Clos-Vougeot are to grapes; they are sent direct to the manufactory to be tasted. During the passage, though they are packed in separate boxes, enclosed first in zinc and then in wood, some decay or deterioration generally takes place, but they were not in the superior condition which their price demands, the public would have some ground for complaint. The boxes containing the same kinds are emptied on the table, and three of the most experienced men examine each separately as to the exterior, and then take out twenty and smoke them. This work has to be done upon three hundred and fifty varieties, large and small, strong and weak, from the *damas*, of which you scarcely perceive the scent, to the *señores*, which are so potent, every day, and without leaving the spot: such work might be enough to disgust the smoker for his whole lifetime. These men arrive at such a delicacy of taste that they cannot only distinguish the soil on which each is grown, the place of its fabrication, but also if the leaf has been gathered at the beginning or end of the harvest. This part of the labor, which is incomparably the most trying of all, is carried on in an immense room, where the open windows carry away clouds of smoke. The price is lowered of those cigars that are not first rate; while the best are placed in cupboards around dark rooms, where they remain eighteen months or two years in an atmosphere as nearly like that of Cuba as can be.

Snake-charming in London.

The eminent English zoologist, Mr. Frank Buckland, editor of *Land and Water*, tells the

following extraordinary story in his newspaper: "Snakes are regarded with horror and repugnance by the generality of mankind and womankind, and for this reason their habits and instincts have not been sufficiently studied. Snakes may be broadly divided into poisonous and not poisonous. As a rule, poisonous snakes will get out of a man's way if not attacked or insulted. I do not recommend people trying to tame poisonous snakes, nor do I advise them to charm them after the fashion of the Indian jugglers, though, as has been often shown, these poisonous snakes are generally 'doctored,' as regards their fangs, before the exhibition takes place. There is now in London a gentleman who has a charming family of pet snakes—harmless, of course. This gentleman's name is Mann. He is a professor of music, and lives in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. Mr. Mann called on me a day or two ago at my office, and requested me to give him assistance, as he has got into a bother with his neighbors about keeping his snakes.

"Anxious to be of service to this gentleman, I called at the house, in order to examine his snakery. He placed in the middle of the room a large box, which was carefully locked. He told me the box was always locked, unless he or his wife took out the snakes to feed or examine them. The first he produced from the box was a very fine common British snake (*Coluber natrix*). His snakes have all got names, and this one's name was Julia. Julia had long ago laid thirty-six eggs, which were hatched out successfully. The next was also a common British snake. The ring round the neck was very bright in this snake. She rejoices in the name of Sylvia. Sylvia is very good at frogs: lately she ate nine frogs, seven large frogs, and two small, at one meal, one after the other. Mr. Mann has also two other common snakes, whose names are Proteus and Beatrice, or she of the golden hair. This modern snake-charmer then dived his hand into the box, and brought out an exceedingly lively brown-colored snake. The head is remarkably pretty and lizard-like, and it has the power of moving the head very quickly from side to side; the eye is also remarkably brilliant. This snake was brought from Jamrach; it is called a Lacertine, and comes from the coast of Mogador, Northern Africa; it is perfectly harmless. Mr. Mann has had the Lacertine about twenty months. It is a pretty, elegant creature. It feeds on white mice.

"Mr. Mann then showed me the gem of his collection. It is a remarkably handsome Brazilian boa, measuring between five and six feet long, and weighing from twelve to fourteen pounds. The name of this snake is 'Cleopatra,' short for Cleopatra. Continual handling and petting has caused this snake to become most remarkably tame, and I think there can be no doubt she knows individuals. When placed on the table, Cleo would not come to me at all, but glided away to her master, who was sitting at the opposite side of the table, and, stretching her body from the table to the chair, gradually pulled her long length on to him. She then glided up his right side, and folded her coils round his neck, placed her head close to her master's face, and there she lay for some minutes quivering her black, forked tongue with evident pleasure. Mr. Mann's two little children, aged five and six respectively, then came into the room. They immediately ran to the snake and began playing with it, kissing it, and pulling it, calling it 'Cleo; dear Cleo.' Cleo was then made to glide on the floor; the children ran after her and picked her up, and the little girl, picking her up, put her round her neck like a boa. (I

wonder if this was the origin of the word *boa*!) Cleo evidently enjoyed the fun as much as the children. It was very curious to see these two little children encircled in Cleo's ponderous folds, reminding me much of the celebrated statue of the Laocoon, and, if I recollect right, the marble children in the statue are represented as about the same age and size as Mr. Mann's two children. Cleo is a particular favorite of Mrs. Mann's, and I saw a very nice photograph of her, with Cleo coiled around her neck. I subsequently saw Mrs. Mann in this attitude with her pet snake. Cleo has shed her skin several times, and it is curious to remark that she shed her skin ten times in two years. Mr. Mann has the last skin shed. It is quite perfect, and as thin as tissue-paper; and I should think would make a good pattern for fancy lace-work.

"Cleo feeds principally on pigeons. If a pigeon is put into her cage, and she is not hungry, she seems to make friends with the pigeon, and will never attempt to eat it. Should, however, a fresh pigeon be put into her cage, she will devour it instantly. She feeds once a fortnight, and two pigeons will about last her for this time. Mr. Mann has observed that, when let loose, Cleo always tries to climb upward, whereas the Lacertine always seeks the ground. Cleo most certainly knows her master and mistress. Once when they went out of town, Cleo was left behind. She pined, and would not feed during their absence. When Mr. and Mrs. Mann returned, after six weeks' absence, Cleo, on hearing her mistress's voice, instantly rushed out of her box, coiled herself round her, and kissed her face. She evidently recognized her kind friends and protector.

"Mr. Mann has also another large Indian python, but this snake is not very well, and has private apartments to itself in a leather carpet-bag. The snakes will feed out of Mr. Mann's hand. The common snakes eat frogs, and frogs only; the Lacertine eats white mice; the python delights in guinea-pigs. Altogether, I was exceedingly pleased with Mr. Mann's collection of snakes. By his very successful snake-taming he has opened up quite a new chapter in natural history, and has shown what persevering kindness will do in taming snakes, poor creatures, which have hitherto been thought to have little or no intelligence."

A Tame Wasp.

At the recent meeting of the British Association, in Brighton, in the section of zoology and botany, Sir John Lubbock exhibited a tame wasp, which had been in his possession for about three months, which he brought with him from the Pyrenees. The wasp was of a social kind, and he took it in its nest, formed of twenty-seven cells, in which there were fifteen eggs; and, had the wasp been allowed to remain there, by this time there would have been quite a little colony of wasps. None of the eggs, however, came to maturity, and the wasp had laid no eggs since it has been in his possession. The wasp was now quite tame, though at first it was rather too ready with its sting. It now ate sugar from his hand and allowed him to stroke it. The wasp had every appearance of health and happiness; and, although it enjoyed an "outing" occasionally, it readily returned to its bottle, which it seemed to regard as a home. This was the first tame wasp kept by itself he had ever heard of.

The Græco-Roman room at the British Museum has lately been enriched by the arrival of the largest and most important fragment of one of the thirty-six great Ionic columns which sup-

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ported the roof of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. This section, supposed to have formed a portion of the first drum, was secured by Mr. Wood, at the depth of twenty-three feet. It is six feet in height, and of like diameter. Its sides are adorned with five figures of considerable beauty and artistic merit.

Foreign Items.

THE opposition papers in Madrid intimate that King Amadeus cannot write the language of his adopted country correctly; and that if all the persons to whom he wrote letters since his arrival in Spain would publish them, he would become the laughing-stock of the whole Spanish nation.

A curious affair occurred a few weeks ago at Theaki, one of the Ionian Islands, known in ancient times as Ithaca, the home of Ulysses. Two *Kleptoto* (robbers) were to be executed, when the accomplices of the criminals suddenly attacked the executioner and his assistants, and rescued the two doomed men. The executioner was mortally wounded.

A Polish nobleman, named Wostratzky, delivered lately an historical lecture at Lemberg. In the course of his remarks he spoke in very disparaging terms of George Washington, whereupon an American, named Werner, who was present, interrupted the speaker and called him a liar. A fight ensued, and the meeting broke up in disorder.

Political caricaturists are treated rather unceremoniously in Egypt. Recently a clever limner in Cairo secretly circulated an excellent caricature of the khédive. The latter saw it and waxed very wroth. The police discovered the author, and he was severely bastinadoed.

The importation of American books into France, Germany, and Russia, is increasing at a very rapid rate. In Leipzig the general desire of the principal book-firms is, that the American publishers should establish agencies in that principal book-market of the European Continent.

It is said in Parma that the Jew Behoendsohn and his wife, who were lately executed in that city for the murder of a young girl, named Veronica Izzo, have committed at least ten murders, under similar circumstances, in the course of the past four years.

Herr Johann Strauss, according to the *Jenkins* of the Vienna *Tageblatt*, has taken home with him from this country the American habit of chewing tobacco. He said it was recommended him in the United States as a good remedy for the toothache.

President Thiers has issued orders that the present Monsieur de Paris (the French executioner) shall henceforth abstain from the ostentations and almost theatrical displays he has been making recently in travelling about with his "improved" guillotine.

It was the Empress Elizabeth, who, by dint of many prayers, prevailed on her husband, the Emperor of Austria, to go to the meeting of the monarchs at Berlin, and shake hands with his inveterate enemy, the Czar of Russia.

For the twenty years prior to the overthrow of Louis Napoleon, in 1871, every human ailment was attributed to him by the Paris correspondents. Now that he is really sick, no one takes any notice of him.

Under the empire the Paris *Tempe* was valued at two hundred thousand francs. The republican atmosphere has agreed so well with it that the proprietors have refused one million francs for it.

Cooper's "Leather-Stocking Tales" are exceedingly popular in Russia. Four or five rival translations of them have been published in that country during the past two years, and all have sold well.

Alexandre Dumas, Sr., never liked to write in broad daylight. His son is a very early riser, and devotes the hours of 6 A. M. to 11 A. M. to composition. After that time he never touches a pen.

Tilton's "Life of Victoria Woodhull," translated into German by one Boetticher, who calls himself an American D. D., has been confiscated at the book-stores in Leipzig, Berlin, and Stuttgart.

Laya, the dramatic author, who died recently in Paris, was at one time the private secretary of Alexandre Dumas, and is said to have written a large part of "Monte Cristo."

The King of Bavaria's refusal to take part in the festivities at Berlin was due to his aversion to meeting the Princess Frederica Wilhelmina, whom he jilted in March last.

President Thiers has ordered Colonel Stofel, whose secret reports from Berlin attracted so much attention during the war, to be dismissed from the French army.

The chief clerk in the office of the Parisian Prefect of Police devotes his leisure hours to writing fashion-letters under the *nom de plume* "La Vicomtesse de Bury."

Strauss, the Austrian composer, has signed a contract with a book-firm at Prague for the publication of his "Reminiscences of America."

Jean Jacques Offenbach's income, from his compositions in 1871, amounted to the handsome sum of eighty-five thousand francs.

Anton Rubenstein, the great pianist, was at one time so poor in Vienna that he had to give music-lessons at half a florin each.

A Sicilian professor announces that cundurando, the cancer-remedy, as to be found in the environs of Messina.

There are in Belgium two hundred and five newspapers, and in Holland one hundred and thirty.

The decorations of the Prussian Order of the Black Eagle cost about four hundred dollars.

Victor Hugo's "L'Année Terrible" has been placed on the papal index of prohibited books.

The daily papers of Lisbon have an aggregate circulation of less than fifteen thousand copies.

Cordova, in Spain, though a large city, has not a single newspaper.

Varieties.

A MURDER has been committed in Baltimore, which ought to rouse the indignation of the entire human race, for it was a representative of their remote ancestry that was stricken down. Signor Baccagelleppo is a wandering minstrel of the city of monuments, who

whilom carried about a hand-organ ornamented with a playful monkey, one of the patriarchs of the infant world; but this venerable being so far forgot his dignity and his relation to the spectators as to bite the hand of a looker-on who meddled with the pendent evidence of his antiquity. The man in his rage lifted his parrietal hand and slew the monkey. Signor Baccagelleppo, was wroth and had him arrested, and some wag notified the coroner, who empanelled an intelligent jury, but refused to hold an inquest, when the form of the deceased was uncovered.

The story is told of Ben Butler's earlier days that a Yankee obtained his legal opinion how to recover the value of a ham which a neighbor's dog came along and ate. He was advised to prosecute and recover for damages. "But the dog was your'n," said the sharp Yankee. Butler opened his eyes a little, asked him what the ham was worth, was told five dollars, paid the money, and then demanded a ten-dollar fee of the astonished native for legal advice.

It is stated that thirty of the best European engravers are employed in New York in manufacturing counterfeit plates of European bank-notes. Fifty persons travel between New York and Europe, carrying over the counterfeit bills to the Old World, and as many more set as agents in the larger cities of Europe for the circulation of spurious currency.

The Chinese Fish Company, in San Francisco, have been supplying customers with trout for some time past. The fish were sold by the pound. Lately the fish got into the habit of swallowing such innutritious substances as scrap-iron, etc., thereby, in many instances, almost doubling their weight. Once more is Chinese cheap labor vindicated.

A minute criticism, in the British *Quarterly Review*, of the commissioners' report on the British coal-supply, reduces the available amount, from the "practically inexhaustible" total estimated by the commission, to a deposit which, at the present rate of consumption and increase, will be exhausted in seventy-three years.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States reports an actual accession to its communion last year of twenty-four thousand one hundred and fourteen, being a larger percentage upon its whole number of members than any other church.

Two Troy milliners, who hated each other as only rival milliners can hate, started for Europe, each flattering herself that the other was ignorant of her intention, and found themselves the occupants of the same state-room on the steamer. The way they avoided each other was a study for a philosopher.

Mrs. Victoria Woodhull (or Bloodhull, as she is sometimes called) says the spirits tell her that the "laws of life" will be discovered before she dies, and consequently that she will live forever.

A Chicago court has decided that it is imperative upon an insurance company to give notice when a policy expires. A lawyer has just recovered the loss of his library under this decision.

Two African slaves, with their faces much tattooed, driving with long reins a pair of ostriches, are among the present sensations of Paris.

A Baltimore manager has serious intentions of bringing out "Hamlet" with a practicable and beautiful scene of a brook wherein Ophelia shall drown herself in sight of the audience.

Any one who reads the English court-records will be struck with the fact that a very large proportion of the cases tried before them are for wife-beating.

A fellow who has actually tried it says that, although there are three scruples in a drachm, the more drams you take the less scruples you will have.

The woman's club-house in New York, which its projectors promise will not be surpassed by any club-house in the country, will be opened in the winter.

CITY CHARACTERS.



THE BILL-POSTER.



THE CARRIER.

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